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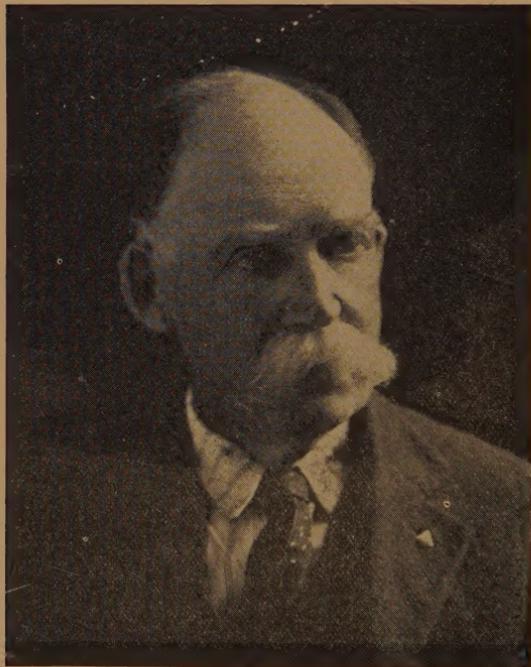
Jan. 12, 1940.

To my friends

Mr. & Mrs. McRise

David Rhys Jones

Author of ^{Forward & Editor} ~~of~~ the ^{of} Legends,



Charles S. Graves

LORE AND LEGENDS OF THE KLAMATH RIVER INDIANS

BY

CHARLES S. GRAVES, 1857

Supervisor of Attendance and Probation Officer
for Siskiyou County,
California

PRESS OF THE TIMES
YREKA, CALIFORNIA

1929

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DEDICATION

"Ye who love a nation's legends,
Love the ballads of a people,
That like voices from afar off
Call to us to pause and listen,
Speak in tones so plain and childlike,
Scarcely can the ear distinguish
Whether they are sung or spoken;—

* * * * *

Ye whose hearts are fresh and simple,
Who have faith in God and Nature,
Who believe that in all ages
Every human heart is human—

* * * * *

That the feeble hands and helpless,
Groping blindly in the darkness,
Touch God's right hand in that darkness
And are lifted up and strengthened,"—

—To You This Book Is Dedicated.

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Robert Spott (Rekwoi)

ROBERT SPOTT (Rekwoi)

Robert Spott of Requa is the son of Captain Spott, who was the chief man among the Eurucks at the mouth of the Klamath. When this country entered the World War, Robert volunteered his services and was sent directly to the front. He served in many of the fiercest conflicts, often doing scout duty along the front line of attack.

No person of any race shows more truly in spirit and character than Robert Spott that he was "to the manor born," for the culture and training of his childhood in the days of his "sweat house" education has been often mistaken for American college education.

The Jump Dance head dress is of white deer skin with more than a hundred "caps" of the red-headed woodpecker inlaid in the diamond-shaped spaces. These feathers are dressed with an invisible coating that renders them immune to the effects of moisture. Strings of dentalia (Indian shell money) worth several thousand dollars are worn as "jewelry" about the shoulders.

Robert Spott is one of the few younger men who is thoroughly grounded in the history and lore, the law and religion, the medicine and ceremonials of his race. With a dual civilization confronting him, he has succeeded in a remarkable degree in being both one hundred per cent Indian and one hundred per cent American.

FOREWORD

THIS HAS been estimated that the Indian population of the area that is now embraced in the United States was about five hundred thousand at the time the first white settlements were made. Nearly one-fourth of this number, or more than one hundred thousand, lived in the region that is now California. At present, the Indian population of California is less than twenty thousand.

The Indians living along the Klamath river, in the northwestern part of California, at one time numbered about five thousand. The ruins of Indian villages along the banks of the Klamath between Weitchpec and the mouth of the river, a distance of about forty miles, indicate that about twenty-five hundred persons inhabited this region.

Fish and game were abundant; acorns, seeds, and berries were plentiful; materials for basket making and for implements were readily obtained. The climate was mild yet invigorating. Little difficulty was found in obtaining a livelihood in this region whose natural beauty of mountain, forest, and stream is unsurpassed.

The Indian tribes inhabiting the Pacific slope west

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of the Cascades from the southern border of Alaska to the Klamath river region in California possessed a civilization superior to that of the other Indians of the Pacific coast states. Only the last traces of this culture now remain. It will soon have disappeared altogether.

In recent years effort has been made to preserve for posterity some accurate knowledge of the civilization of these Indian tribes. Collections of their implements and costumes are finding their way into museums where the curious may see and the interested may study them. Students of anthropology have recorded in detail and with scientific accuracy the facts obtainable regarding the habits and customs of these tribes, on the very eve of their disappearance.*

Of all primitive peoples, the Indians of North America are the most strikingly interesting. Their customs and costumes at once attract. Their skill and courage are matched by their unfailing loyalty and gratitude to friendly whites. Children everywhere "play Indian," but impersonate no other races. The Quakers, the Mormons, the Mission Fathers, and most others who bargained fairly and who respected the prior property rights of the Indians found friendly welcome among them from the Atlantic to the Pacific.

*Handbook of the Indians of California, by A. L. Kroeber, Department of Anthropology, University of California, Berkeley. This book is published by the Smithsonian Institution, Washington, D. C. as Bulletin 73 of the Bureau of American Ethnology and contains nearly 1,000 pages.

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The Indians of the various tribes that inhabited North America differed from one another even more than the people of the several nations of Europe. A Scotchman, a German, a Greek, or a Russian may be typical of the people of his own nation; but none is regarded as a typical European. Similarly, no Indian is a typical North American Indian. Such a person exists only in the fancy of the uninformed.

Each Indian tribe was a distinct nation. No common interests existed to unite them into a stronger union. The tendency among Indians everywhere is toward individualistic and family interest. Racial interest among them is lacking when compared with that of members of the white race. This fact accounts for the weak resistance encountered generally by those whites who failed to respect either the persons or the property of Indians.

Unfortunately, nearly all that is commonly known concerning the relations and experiences of the white with the red race is the one-sided, often boastful, story told by the whites. Impressions based upon such reports are usually erroneous.

While it is both interesting and instructive to learn the habits and customs of a people whose life differs much from our own, it is well to realize that this information is the least important knowledge concerning any people. The thoughts and feelings, the emotions and spiritual life of a people usually remain hidden from those who are curiously attracted by customs and ceremonies. This has been partic-

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ularly true in our contact with Indians. It is only natural that the white race, accustomed to a habit of making public display of its emotions, should find it difficult to fathom the Indian, who was sternly disciplined to silence and taught to regard the experiences of his inner life too sacredly private to be profaned by flippant expression and easy disclosure. Kinship is felt, not arrived at through expression and discussion. Silent observation, not profuse conversation, enabled the Indian to acquire the information and wisdom which his culture required, and to satisfy the demands of his social contacts.

Through years of contact with Indians of the Klamath river regions the author is enabled to reveal to us in these stories the deeper thoughts and feelings of these red men. The museums eventually will contain the only specimens that will remain of their early handwork; and the libraries will treasure all that is authentically known of their early customs. Their folk lore and legends alone will portray the people themselves.

The unbeliever, the curiously inquiring, the inharmonious spirit is not entrusted with a true recital of an Indian's tribal legend. The long established faith of the Indian in the author's integrity, their acceptance of his friendship as genuine, and their recognition of his kinship of spirit has prompted them to impart to him their intimate teachings; for many of their stories embody their lessons in natural science, in religion, and in moral conduct.

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Indian friends along the Klamath have consented to be photographed in their costumes and to have their pictures appear in the book. Thoroughly Americanized Indian boys and girls, educated in the public schools of the State, proud of their noble lineage, have been photographed in Indian or in American dress. These photographs illustrate the degree to which the process of Americanization has extended along the Klamath. Their co-operation and assistance is greatly appreciated by the author.

Through the kindness of Mrs. Harry C. Roberts, Chairman of Indian Welfare of the California Woman's Federation for the district embracing the lower course of the Klamath, photographs and stories of this region were obtained from Indians at the mouth of the river who have long been acquainted with the unselfish and untiring efforts of Mrs. Roberts in their behalf.

Friends of the author on the staff of the Siskiyou News first suggested and assisted in the publication of several of the stories contained in this book. Fellow members of the lodge of Redmen and others who read these stories requested that they be published in book form.

All who read these stories will enjoy them. Few, if any, of the deeper truths of life were hidden from these red children of the forest. The courage of the Indian warrior, the love song of the Indian maiden, and the lullaby of the Indian mother reveal the

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same emotional nature in the Indian that we recognize in ourselves.

Some will understand the deeper significance of many of the stories and will unite with the author in the declaration, "Yes, I believe."

DAVID RHYS JONES.

AUTHOR'S INTRODUCTION

PART I

Indian Legends and Ceremonies

I have been asked if the stories of the Indians as they are now being told are the same as they were told centuries ago. Yes, they are, and always have been told the same. They have been handed down from father to son. The father would tell his son a story and then have him repeat that story at a certain time. If the boy left out a word or added anything to the story other than that told to him, he was told the story again and again, and told to come at a certain time and repeat the story. He must have the story word perfect before he is allowed to tell the legend of his tribe. Nor are the legends told to those who are not capable of telling them and passing them on, that they may be told in the end as they were in the beginning.

Do I believe in Indian legends? Yes. I have been listening to stories all of my life. The first story that was told to me was about a very jovial old fellow who makes an annual visit at Christmas.

The first time that I heard this story I thought Santa Claus a wonderful man and, before retiring

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to sleep the night before Christmas, I asked him to please leave everything he could spare, that he would find my stockings that my mother made with her own hands, hanging near the fireplace. He must have heard, and he must have thought I was a good boy, for the next morning my stockings were full, even to the top. There were toys, not all that I had asked for, but he left enough so that I believed the story about him, and to this day I still believe in him.

You wonder if I believe in Indian ceremonies. I believe in everything that is for the betterment of mankind. Every person who is a member of our different lodges knows that we have certain ceremonies, grips, pass words, and mysteries that we never impart to one not a member of the Order. We have taken an obligation to believe and live up to its teachings. I have taken part in the "work" of the different orders to which I belong, and I do believe in the ceremonies. So it is with Indian ceremonies.

I first witnessed the "Brush Dance" over fifty years ago. The last time I witnessed it was July 4th, 1927, at Orleans. They danced all night for the purpose of saving the life of a little child; they were not dancing for amusement. When they want amusement they dance "white man dance."

All of the members of the tribe, and Indians from all other tribes were there, as were also many pale-faces, and I was among the number. And with one

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accord, we asked the Great Spirit to spare the life of this child; and the baby's life was spared.

Yes, I do believe in Indian ceremonies, especially one like the "Brush Dance," where the ceremony has to do with saving the life of a baby.

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Eurucks in Jump Dance Costume.

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EURUCKS IN JUMP DANCE COSTUME

A ceremonial dance often lasts for two or more days. As the dance progresses, the better performers begin to participate, and the costumes gradually develop in richness. The final stages of the dance are participated in by the best trained dancers, and these appear in the richest costumes possessed by their families. The costumes are indicative of their wealth and answer much the same promptings as jewelry among whites.

The head dresses are of white deer skins inlaid with caps of red-headed woodpeckers and average about one hundred fifty dollars in value each, in "white man's money." Strings of dentalia (Indian shell money) worth thousands of dollars are worn by each participant shown in this picture.

GRAND
CELEBRATION

Orleans, Calif.
July 1, 2, 3 and 4

TWO NIGHTS:--JULY 1 AND 3
INDIAN BRUSH DANCE

TWO NIGHTS:--JULY 2 AND 4
WHITE MAN DANCE

FOUR INDIAN STICK GAMES

SLOW AUTOMOBILE RACE
Half-mile In High Gear

All Kinds of Races and Contests with
Attractive Prizes

FREE CAMPING GROUNDS

Arthur R. Wilder, Mgr.
(Reprint of Poster, 1927)

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PART II

My "First Degree" in Redmanship

During the great many suns that have come and gone, I have had conferred upon me a good many degrees, among which have been the Adoption, Warriors, Chiefs, Haymakers, Past Sachems, Degree of Pocahontas, and one which made an impression upon me that I shall never forget, my first degree in Redmanship.

When a boy, I was always trying to learn the ways of an Indian, and sometimes it led me to do things that would have been better left undone.

I was about twelve years of age when the "first degree" in Redmanship was conferred upon me in a very realistic manner. In those days the Indian women wore shawls of many bright colors, and spent their idle time playing Jews' harps, while the men entertained themselves gambling. One day while looking for adventure I found it, and like the man who caught the bear, I was soon looking for some one to help me let go.

Sitting in the sun under a sandy bank, where they were protected from the wind, were several Indian women playing Jews' harps. I did not take any par-

ticular notice of what the men were doing, as a bright idea entered my head. I thought it would be great sport, while they were playing, to take a little sand and pour it slowly down an Indian woman's neck. I immediately put the thought into execution. I took a little sand and, while her head was bent forward, slowly poured it down the back of her neck. It worked fine. In fact, it worked so well that I thought by pouring a little more and a little faster it would work better, so I began to pour more and faster. It worked so well that I began to giggle and, finally, commenced to laugh, when, suddenly the conferring of this degree commenced in earnest.

One of the men looked up and, seeing me in the act of pouring another handful of sand, with murder in his eye, pulled the biggest knife I ever saw, and with a regular Indian war-whoop started up the bank. I knew then that it was time to move, and not stopping on the order of my going, I turned and fled back to where I knew there were some palefaces, about a mile distant.

I ran as hard as I could, but it seemed to me that I was not running as fast as I should, and it seemed that this Indian was gaining on me slowly but surely. No matter how fast I ran, he seemed to be going a little faster. I could soon hear him close behind me, and once I felt sure he had me; but I kept on running, and every once in a while he would let out that dreadful war-whoop, and every time he did so I stepped a little livelier. He came so close to me at

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one time that I could see his knife as he made a "swipe" at me. Just as I felt he would surely get me, as I couldn't take another step, he stopped and then returned to his camp.

It did not occur to me at that time that he could have reached out at any time and caught me. In looking back over the occurrence, years afterwards, I knew that he was doing it to scare me and teach me a lesson. And he surely did; one that will last me through life. It taught me this: Have all the fun you want, but not at some one else's expense.

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EURUCK GROUP

Grandmothers usually rear the children. From babyhood the Indian child learns through constant observation. Securely held in his basket, which is frequently placed upright against a tree, the child has ever before his eyes the great book of nature that is his to become acquainted with. The rushing waters of the river and the song of birds are heard; and the eyes follow the activities of ant, bee and bird in their busy life about him.

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PART III

Distinguished Services of Indian Women

Many years ago, long before there was even a wagon road down the Klamath, I stopped to rest under the shade of a tree close to an Indian village; and while talking to the children, one of them asked me if I had ever seen a squaw. They had heard the name and were curious to know what a squaw looked like. I didn't have the heart to tell them that their mother was what the white man called a squaw. I then began to inquire the name of woman in their dialect. I was told that "Ar-sics-tovern" was their name for woman; that "E-edovern" means wife—meaning bark of the tree. I was told that if you removed the bark from the tree, the tree will die; that also, if all of the women were removed from this earth every human would die and there would be no more of the Great Spirit's children here. Because of that explanation by the Indian children, I have never used the word "squaw."

All races of people the world over realize there is no sweeter word than woman, and no dearer words than mother and wife.

The white race has acknowledged its debt of grati-

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tude to Indian women in different parts of America, to Pocahontas, to Sacajawea, to Winema, and others.

The story of the noble actions of Pocahontas in saving the life of Captain John Smith and in aiding the colonists in Virginia is well known to every American boy and girl.

A beautiful statue has been erected in a public park in Portland, Oregon, to the memory of Sacajawea, a young Indian woman who guided the Lewis and Clark expedition safely to the Pacific Ocean, through a thousand miles of unexplored wilderness.

Wi-ne-ma, the woman with a Brave Heart, was a full-blooded Indian of the Modoc tribe. She was born on the headwaters of the Klamath, near the present site of Klamath Falls. For her distinguished services in behalf of the United States during the Modoc War, Congress bestowed upon her a pension. Of her, Colonel A. B. Meacham, one of the commissioners representing the United States in an attempt to bring about a peaceful settlement with the Modoc Indians, said:

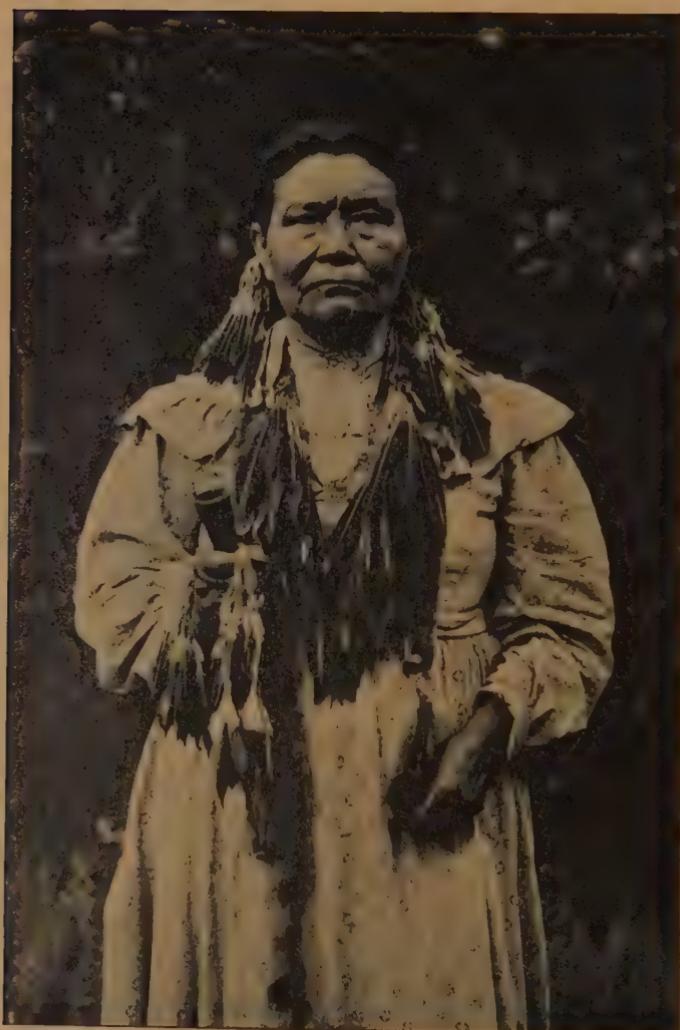
“Those who have seen her only in repose cannot form an idea of her wonderful courage and daring spirit. Few men or women of any race or tribe have exhibited such examples of personal courage and sagacity as Wi-ne-ma.” (By A. B. Meacham, in the Indian History of the Modoc War, by Jeff C. Riddle, Beatty, Oregon.)

In each of the instances that I have cited, the distinguished services, and the willingness to hazard

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even life itself, was not for a fond lover, not for friend or family, but for the white man who was a stranger in their land. Their services in behalf of those of their own race was always noteworthy. They fought side by side with their men folks in the "great war," nearly a century ago, on the lower stretches of the Klamath. As a fitting recognition for this act at a time of dire distress, woman sufferage was extended to the women of the tribe, and thereafter women sat in the councils with the other "braves."

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An Indian Type.

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AN INDIAN TYPE

Women as well as men are endowed with courage and character among the red men. For every hero heralded in history there has always been at least one unheralded heroine.

Woman suffrage was attained much earlier by the Indian women of the Klamath river region than by the white women of the state. Workingmen's compensation as well as regulation of public utilities were provided for in Indian law before such conceptions were intelligible to the white race.

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Where the Klamath Flows into the Pacific.

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WHERE THE KLAMATH FLOWS INTO THE PACIFIC

During the season when the salmon and steelhead are "running," tourists who have come to the Klamath for fishing may be seen trolling from boats anchored near the mouth of the river. The broad river is forced to find its way into the Pacific through a narrow channel between a sand bar and Tucker Rock (The Hunchback) on its north bank. Here the current moves with treacherous swiftness and skillful operation of the fishing boats is necessary.

The salmon approach the mouth of the river and remain for a few days in the mixture of fresh and salt water before entering the stream.

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HOW THE SALMON ARE STARTED UP THE RIVER

ITUATED at the mouth of the river where the Klamath empties into the ocean there is a rock that white people have an idea has stood there since the beginning of time. If you were asked what it resembles you would be listening to someone saying that it resembles an Indian woman with a basket on her back. Everyone will agree that it is an Indian woman. If you will ask an Indian how long that rock has been there and whether it is a baby or a basket on her back, and he sees fit to tell you, he will tell you this story of the rock:

"Long before the paleface came, there lived a tribe of people known as the Euruck, or down-river people, at peace with all other people, whose girls and women were noted for their beauty and the men for their splendid physique. At that time, so I have been told by my father, who had the story told to him by his father, there was born one of the loveliest babies that mortal eyes ever beheld. This girl baby grew lovelier every day and was happy. As she

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neared womanhood she met with a mishap that left her deformed for life. Thereafter she was very unhappy, as there was none to sympathize with her, no one to go to in times of trouble and distress. As many people do, who are afflicted, she lived a long time on this earth. When she knew the time was drawing near for her to leave this world, she requested that she be turned into a stone and be placed at the mouth of the river, a guardian spirit for all hunchback people."

As this story has been handed down from father to son by the Indians, I am now giving it to you, so that the white people who visit where the Klamath enters the ocean may know that this rock is the guardian spirit of all hunchbacks.

Sitting in the shelter of this rock one day with an Indian, watching people fish for salmon with hook and line, I asked if the salmon all started up the river at one time, or if they went up in schools and were several days in starting to the spawning grounds. Here I learned how the salmon are started up the river:

"When the season arrives when the salmon should be running we camp near the mouth of the river on the sand bar and wait until the Medicine Man is ready for the fish to start up the river. We camp there for several days and make no noise to disturb the fish, no singing, dancing or drinking, as they do now at times. The salmon don't like people to do that way. If people would follow the old Indian and

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his custom we would have more fish running up the river, but the old Indian and his customs and ceremonies have never been understood.

"All right! Now that I know you do believe in the old ceremonies, if you will look away across the mouth of the river you will see where our people used to camp, and where the Medicine Man held communion with the Great Spirit and made good medicine for the Euruck and the Karuck, the down-river and the up-river people.

"When the Medicine Man was sure the time to start the salmon running up the river had arrived, he left the sweat house, offering an incantation, and carrying a short stick in his hand. With this stick, he started at the end of the sand bar and dug a narrow trench. No one else was allowed to dig, as the trench had to be dug with the stick that is the property of the Medicine Man and has come to him from the Medicine Men who preceded him. After digging through the sand bar until he has but a short distance more to dig, he stops, offers an invocation, and then calls to a salmon that is close by to come to the place where the trench is being dug.

"He then talks to the salmon, telling him what must be done—that he depends on him to make the journey up the river because he is a big, strong fish and has intelligence to carry out the orders of the Medicine Man. But before he starts he must give a promise to faithfully fulfill his duty. Upon giving that promise, the Medicine Man tells him that the

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up-river people, who are a good people, must share in the salmon run, that in order they may do so the fish must come in close to the bank of the river.

"Now, therefore, this first salmon must make the run before the others are allowed to start. He must watch to see if any of the up-river people are close to the bank; he must go in close and rub hard against a rock, hard enough to loosen and leave some of his scales sticking to the rock. He must do this all the way up the river so that the salmon will all know what route to take, so that everyone will have an abundance of salmon. Otherwise, the fish would keep to the middle of the stream and the up-river people would be unable to catch them."

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Henry Joseph and His Drum.

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HENRY JOSEPH AND HIS DRUM

Henry Joseph (Indian name, E-Sata-Car-Prunten, meaning, jump between two fir trees), when a boy was always practicing jumping. He claimed at that time that to jump far you must jump straight. In order to be sure that he was jumping straight he selected a place to do his jumping where there were two fir trees close together, so close that if he did not jump straight he would strike a tree. He practiced until he could jump between the trees with his eyes closed and never even touch one of them. He always had friends among the white boys who were taught by him to fish and hunt; to never catch more fish than they could use for food; to never kill anything for the sake of killing, and to always "shoot straight." A mother never worried about her boy if she knew that he was with Henry Joe; she knew that he would teach him to jump straight, shoot straight, and talk straight.

Henry prizes his drum highly. It is shaped somewhat like a suitcase. It is decorated with a picture of a deer standing in a deep forest. The drum was given to him by his father, who received it from his father. This drum has been with the tribe always; and no one understands its language except the tribe where it has been for generations. You know that each tribe has its own drum; that no other tribe understands what it is saying. Every beat has a meaning that the members can understand, even as a telegrapher can understand the ticking of his instrument. If you hear this drum at any time, remember that it is talking to the tribe and they understand its meaning.

The Story of The Twin Sisters

NOW REMEMBER, the Medicine Man started the salmon running up the Klamath. But before he started the lone one in advance, he, together with the wise men of the tribe were in the sweat house for ten days. There they fasted and prayed to the Great Spirit to send an abundance of fish, not for themselves alone, but for everyone up the river, also.

Now, in order that the up-river people may know when the salmon have started running, the people at the mouth of the river build fires on the beach; and as they roast the salmon before the fires, they place ek-nese (wild celery) roots on the fire in order to flavor the fish, and as the smoke drifts up the river the people there know that the salmon is being cooked at the mouth of the river.

Long before the paleface came to Requa (the mouth of the river) to fish for salmon and steelhead, the Indian left his footprints on the trails that you now travel over. The footprints are still there, but you will not see them unless you have that same feeling of awe and reverence that the Indian has for those who traveled these trails for centuries before the white man came. If you have a feeling of ridi-

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cule and contempt for these people, it would be well for you to travel other trails.

If you are getting ready to go out through the breakers to fish, don't interfere with anything at the mouth of the river for the reason that if you do you may never return alive.

There is a pepper bush growing on the side of Tucker Rock. It has always been and always will be there; no mortal can uproot it because it was planted by the Great Spirit. Keep your hands off this bush. Don't try to uproot it, and don't shake it in any manner; for if you do, and you go beyond the mouth of the river, the waves of the great ocean will become angry, and you will be fortunate if you reach shore alive.

While making a trip down the river I saw some Indians gathered around a fire, and as they seemed to be very much interested in what was being cooked, I thought I would investigate and find out what they were cooking. Without waiting for me to ask any questions they invited me to partake of their food. It was a new dish to me, and I suppose I looked askance. I was told it was a dish that the Indians considered a great delicacy, and that when a white man was invited to eat it with them they considered it an honor to the paleface. They were so persistent that I asked them why they insisted on my eating this food with them, and they told me they never asked anyone to eat eels except those whom they wanted to live with them, and that if you ate eels you would

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always want to return to the Klamath. I told them that I could not eat eels for the reason that an eel was all bones.

"Bones?" they exclaimed. "An eel has no bones!"

"There was a time when the eel was nothing but bones and not fit to eat, but that was a long time ago. One day he met a sucker and stopped to talk. They got to discussing and criticizing one another. The eel was very proud of the fact that he had so many bones that he was so safe, as he was not fit for human food. The sucker said he would like to have some of the eel's bones so he might have some protection. But the eel would not part with even one bone.

"'All right, Mr. Eel, let us gamble for one of your bones; I may be a sucker, but I feel sure that if you and I gamble I can win at least one bone.' The eel was willing to show him that no sucker could win even one bone from him, so he bet one bone, and lost. He didn't feel just right with one bone gone, so he bet another to get that one back, and lost again; then he became angry and bet another, and another, until he lost every bone. And from that time on he has had no protection, while the sucker, being now all bones, is not wanted for food."

Having shared their food with me, as we were sitting around the fire, they told me the story of Grue-Shar, meaning Twin Sisters.

"The two rocks at the mouth of the river, for a long time before the white man came, and for so long

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that my people have forgotten when they were placed there, were twin sisters and lived even as you and I on this earth. There are also two rocks at Ishi-Pishi falls up the river. Before the twins up the river had been in this world for long, one of them became ill. The parents, having already lost one child, were very much distressed, and sent for the Medicine Woman of the tribe. When she arrived and saw the child's condition, she told the parents that she alone could not save the child's life, that without the assistance of all the members of the tribe the baby would surely die; that there were evil spirits that must be driven out.

"The Medicine Woman, by fasting and prayer, has a power over evil spirits. After calling her people together and dancing all night the ceremony known as the brush dance, the child's life was spared.

"As the twins grew from childhood to beautiful women, they were loved by all the people. When the time came for them to depart this life the old men, the wise men and the Medicine Woman assembled together, and the twins were turned into two rocks and placed at Ishi-Pishi falls, where you may see them in the summer time. During the winter they move to Mak-Harum falls.

"Some of the members of the tribe thought the sisters should be turned into trees. 'They said trees are living things and able to converse with one another; that the birds nesting and rearing their young there would understand the tree language and the

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trees would never be lonesome; that the sisters should be placed on the bank of the river where the swift-running water is forever changing color, and the illusive tints delight the eye.

"Then the older men said, 'No, we must not let sentiment govern us; we must so act at this time that these twins shall endure forever. If they are turned into trees sometime they will die again, and the good they have done on this earth will die with them.'

"As you all know, there once were twins, men, who were turned into trees. One of them was uprooted by the wind; the other is always mourning. You may hear him mourning whenever the wind blows. Therefore, let us turn these into stone, place them side by side on the river bank, where they may be able to see if any of our people are being carried out to the ocean.

"Our people have met with mishaps, their boats have been wrecked by the sharp rocks, and they have been carried by the swift current out beyond the mouth of the river, and have never returned. These twins, if turned into stone, can communicate with the twins at Requa, and in case of danger to our people they will send a call for aid to the sisters there, who will tell everyone to be on the lookout for those who are being carried toward the ocean.'

"The older men prevailed, and the twins were turned into stone and placed at Ishi-Pishi falls. There you may see them in the summer time; should

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you wish to see them in winter you may see them at Mak-Harum falls. They change places summer and winter."

NOTE: Like the Indian, I believe that whatever is bad does not deserve a place on this earth, and should die; that whatever is good should live and remain with us always. So long as the swift-running river flows to the ocean, these sisters shall live, and the paleface shall know that though the redman in his natural state is no more, the precepts taught around his camp fire shall live forever.

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Phoebe Maddux

The Legendary Birth of Ed-Witch-Me



LONG time ago, before the white man came, a young Indian couple eloped and were married. They built their wigwam away up on the mountain side, far from everyone. There a son was born. This son they named Ed-witch-me. Knowing that the boy was the one whom the world had been expecting, and that he was inspired, they carried him down to the valley so that he would be there when the people arrived.

They saw his grandmother out on the flat digging apaws, and, watching their chance, they buried the boy where his grandmother would be sure to find him. When she came to where he was buried she dug him out of the ground. She brushed the dirt off of the baby, and as it began to cry she talked to it, asking it if it belonged to a certain woman, and as she talked the baby cried louder than ever. At last she asked it if it was her daughter's child, and when the baby stopped crying she knew that it was.

In those days the grizzly bear ruled the earth. The grizzly had two daughters whom Edwitchme had heard of, and he determined to see them, but knowing the fierce character of the old grizzly he thought it would be well to have some help. So he tried out

all of the small animals that he knew to be fleet of foot and found that a small rabbit could outrun all of them.

He then told the rabbit of his plans, of how he was going to call on the grizzly and his two daughters. So, taking the rabbit and putting it in his hair where it would be out of sight, he started. When he came to where the grizzly lived, he called to him to come out as he wished to talk to him.

Now, the grizzly knew that all he had to do was to place his hand over his eyes as though shading them from the sun and Edwitchme would drop dead, as that was the manner in which he killed all who came; but when he took his hand down Edwitchme was still there and unharmed.

The grizzly then told him that if he wished to call on his daughters he must first take a bath—must go into the sweat house and take a sweat and then plunge into the lake. While taking his sweat he was surrounded by rattlesnakes, but he killed all of them and laid them at the grizzly's feet.

The grizzly felt very badly as the rattlesnakes were his sons.

He then told him to go out and get some meat as they were hungry, so Edwitchme started, taking his rabbit with him. He had only gone a short distance when he met a young grizzly and shot it, but it kept on coming and he kept on shooting at it, shooting where its heart should be, and thought it strange that he could not kill it. So he put the rabbit down

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behind a log, and told him to watch when the bear crossed the log and try to locate his heart. The next time the bear came around he lay down behind the log and asked the rabbit if he had found out where the grizzly carried his heart. The rabbit told him that it was at the bottom of the bear's hind foot. So, when the bear jumped over the log, Edwitchme shot an arrow into his heart and killed him. He told the grizzly to come with him and get his meat as he had killed a young bear. When the old bear saw his son lying there dead he felt very badly as he thought surely his young son would kill Edwitchme.

The grizzly next told Edwitchme to go down to the coast and get the salmon started up the river, as there had not been a run of salmon for a long time. Leaving his rabbit behind and telling it to stay until he returned, and not to cry, he set out to start the salmon running.

It was a long, hard trip to the coast, and when he arrived there he was met by a whale who had come up from the ocean to kill him; but Edwitchme killed the whale.

When he got back he found the rabbit crying and asked him what he was crying about, and the rabbit replied that he had been gone so long he was sure he was dead. Then Edwitchme told him never to cry when he was away, as he was always safe and nothing could kill him. He went to the old grizzly and told him that he had started the salmon running, and for him to go down to the coast and bury the whale he

had killed. The grizzly knew that his oldest son had been killed, and he went away by himself where no one could see his grief.

Finding that nothing on land or sea could kill Edwitchme, the grizzly told him that before they called on his daughters he would like to get some pine nuts for them, and asked Edwitchme to climb a tall pine tree and get a lot of the nuts. Edwitchme climbed the tree, and the grizzly kept telling him to climb higher. When Edwitchme had reached the top, where the grizzly could not see him, he tied himself fast to the tree.

The grizzly then told the tree to go up toward the sky, and as it started up he kept saying, "Up, up!" and each time the tree rose higher. As the tree started up, two fierce eagles attacked Edwitchme, but he killed both of them and tied them to the tree.

Now, the trouble was, how to get down. Edwitchme untied himself and climbed on top of the tree and told the tree to go down. The tree went down until it got back to its natural size. Edwitchme climbed down, and laying the two eagles at the grizzly's feet, told him what he had done. It made the old grizzly very angry as they were his son and daughter.

After burying the young grizzlies, the old one said to Edwitchme, "We will fix up a teter-pole. One end will extend away out over the lake, so far that you can hardly see the end of it. If you can walk to the other end while I sit on this end, we will go and see my daughters when you return."

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So Edwitchme set his rabbit down where the grizzly could not see it, and taking a rat he put it in his hair where it would be out of sight, and started for the end of the pole. As he neared the end of the pole, he took the rat out of his hair and when he came to the end he placed the rat on the end of the pole.

Now, this pole was so long, and the old grizzly's eyesight so bad, that he thought it was Edwitchme on the end of the pole. So thinking to drown Edwitchme he raised up off the pole and let the other end go down to the bottom of the lake. He worked the pole back and forth on the bottom so as to be sure to crush the life out of him.

Now, Edwitchme knew what the grizzly intended to do; so when he put the rat on the end of the pole, he started back on the under side of the pole where the grizzly could not see him, and stood behind the grizzly, where he could not be seen. As the old grizzly was working the pole back and forth on the bottom he talked to himself: "Now I have got you where I want you, in the bottom of the lake, and there you shall stay. You have killed my sons one after the other. Now, I will go home and tell my two daughters where you are." "That is right," said Edwitchme, "we will both go and tell them."

The old grizzly was never so surprised in his life as to hear Edwitchme, whom he thought was at the bottom of the lake. He pretended to be very glad to see him, and wanted to know if there was anything

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he could do before they went to see his daughters. Edwitchme told him to walk to the other end of the teter-pole and he would remain on this end. The old grizzly replied that his eyesight was poor and that he couldn't see out to the other end, but he would go as far as he could.

After he had started, Edwitchme told him to keep on going; and when he was clear to the end, Edwitchme got off his end of the pole and pushed the other end with the old grizzly down to the bottom of the lake; then catching hold of his end, he pulled down with all his might and threw the grizzly from the bottom of the lake to the moon. After being thrown into the moon, the grizzly called back to Edwitchme and said to him, "Now you have put me where I always wanted to be. I can now look down upon the whole world and can make the ice thaw so we can have the warm weather as well as the cold."

Edwitchme, knowing that he had but a short time to stay on this earth, next called upon the old grizzly's daughters, and, catching up the younger one he threw her into the heavens, and there she is today, the Morning Star. Then he threw the older one into the heavens, and there you may see the Evening Star. Then, taking the grizzly's wife, who was a Shasta Indian woman, he threw her close to the moon, where you can see her in the daytime, a star in the form of a woman, with her hands stretched above her head. You can see her if you believe the beautiful thoughts that are expressed in this legend.

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Otherwise you cannot see a thing when you look for her. If you are an unbeliever in the beautiful, you cannot see things as they should be. Edwitchme, then picking up his rabbit, returned to where he had left his grandmother.

Before Edwitchme first left his grandmother, she told him to go and gather some soap root—to dig some good big ones—so that she could make a fire while he was gone. When he started she made a fire, and, putting on a piece of soap root she soon had it burning. By watching the soap root she could tell whether Edwitchme was safe or not, as it would burn so long as he was safe; and if he were killed the soap root would go out.

On his return he told her of the events that had happened since he left; and as he could hear the people coming, he knew it was time for his grandmother and him to leave the world. He turned her into a cliff of rock, and himself into a rock in the bottom of the creek, lying on his back with his arms and legs in the air.

When an Indian goes hunting, he gets up at the peep of day and goes to the creek to bathe. He must swim between the legs and arms of Edwitchme and not touch them. If he touches Edwitchme's arms or legs, there is no use going hunting as he would have bad luck. If he passes through without touching them, he renders an invocation to Edwitchme just as the sun comes up. The women pray to the

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grandmother, who is in the form of a big rock out on the level ground beside the river.

NOTE—While these children of the forest were telling me this story, they asked me if I believed what they were telling me, and my answer was yes. They said that at times they were not sure that I believed it, and at those times their hearts beat very slowly, but upon being told that I did believe it their hearts beat faster and they were sure that I believed their story. Did I believe it? Yes. Do I still believe what they told me? I do, and as long as I live it will remain with me and I will believe it to the end. I cannot make my meaning entirely clear to you, because you have never heard the story as I have, and under the conditions that it was imparted to me. If I had not believed it, or had doubted it in the least, I never would have heard it from an Indian's lips.

I have told it to you as nearly as I can recall it in the same language that it was told to me. Some of the details I have withheld as they were given to me under conditions with which you cannot comply, and which I hold too sacred to divulge. You ask me why I believe all of this? I cannot say. I cannot make it clear to you, but I believe in everything that is clean and wholesome and this legend is all of that.

In the first place compare the way their Savior was born, and Edwitchme was their Savior. He was born of a beautiful woman and her husband; and after being placed in the ground was dug up by his grandmother, according to their version. Our Savior was born of a virgin. After their Savior did all the good he could he turned himself into a rock at the bottom of a swift creek, where his people may see him and pray to him. After our Savior had been on earth a short time, He was nailed to a cross on Calvary and mocked before He died. Compare the two, the Christian and the Indian belief, and if you believe one, is it hard, under certain conditions, to believe the other?



The Legend of The Flood

 ANY, many years ago there was a very old Indian woman, so old that none of her people remembered when she was not an old woman. Although old and feeble she was wise. The young people always consulted her when in trouble. One day a young Indian maiden called on her for advice, telling her that she was in love with a young Indian from down the river, and that her people had forbidden her to meet him or have anything to do with him, as he was not of her people.

Now, the people down the river were known as Euruck Indians, while the people who lived up the river were known as Karuck—Karuck meaning up-river; Euruck down-river arrol, or people.

The old woman told her to listen and pay heed to what she was going to tell her, for soon there would be a flood, and that the waters of the Klamath would cover the highest mountain:

"We, the Indians, should be united as one people, the up-river, the down-river and all Indians should be as one. Sometime there will be a race of people such as has never been seen here; people with a long growth of hair on the face, with a white skin, with

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blue eyes and light hair. They will destroy our forests and game, and kill our warriors and braves with a weapon making a loud noise; they will take our women for their own. The up-river and down-river people will be no more forever. All of this will come to pass long after the flood.

"When the flood is over and the waters of the Klamath are again running in the natural channel of the river there will be only two persons left alive, a man and a woman. You will be the woman if you do as I tell you, and your lover will be the man.

"I am going to make two baskets that will carry you two people safely through the flood waters. I am so old that when this flood is over I will have gone to that house beyond the skies where the flood waters can never come. I see you have some porcupine quills. I would like to have them to work into the baskets. I will first place them in boiling water to be sure that the poison is drawn out; you must be very careful of porcupine quills as they make a very painful sore if they prick you. After boiling them in water I will boil them in dye made from the yellow moss that grows on the bark of forest trees; then they are ready to work into baskets without danger of infection.

"Soon after the flood is over you will be E-edov-ern, meaning wife, bark of tree. Before you become a wife you should have your chin tattooed. Why do we have tattoo marks on our chin? Is it a symbol of something? No, it is not a symbol, it is a custom

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and does not mean anything other than it is a 'fad.' Be patient and I will mark you so that your lover will say that there is none to compare with you, that you are beautiful.

"First, I will make a small fireplace of rocks; then I will gather pitch pine wood and place in the fireplace; then burn the wood until soot forms on the rocks. I will then scrape off the soot and mix it into paste. It is then ready for use. But wait! Before I can use it for marking your chin I will make some marks on your arm. If you have fortitude to bear the pain on your arm without flinching I then will tattoo your chin. All right, I see you can stand the pain! Now I will take a sharp piece of flint and scrape the skin off in a straight line. After making sure the lines are perfectly straight I will scrape the skin between the lines, and while the blood is still on your chin I will rub in paste. Then you must not move your lip until everything is healed; otherwise you will be disfigured for life. Now you are indeed beautiful! But some day after the flood when the paleface rules this country, our people will no longer tattoo, but will paint and powder their faces, even as palefaces."

Tummo-Cartie!

"The time is near when I, and all of my people, will be drowned and carried out to the great ocean. You and your lover will be saved if you follow my instructions. I am giving you each a basket, made in such a manner that it will be water tight. It can be opened like a net or stretched out like a rope. My

people have always been wonderful basket makers. I alone have the secret of making a basket like a net or stretched out like a rope. I alone have the secret of making a basket like this, and when the flood is over, there will never be anyone able to make another. When the water begins to rise, take your basket and a fish net and start for the highest mountain top. Before I give you the basket I ask you, do you believe what I have told you? If so, you will be saved; if not, you will perish."

The girl answered, "I do believe, and know that I and my lover shall be saved."

After it had rained for many days and nights, the people began to notice the river getting higher and higher; but still they thought they were safe. Only the man from down the river and the up-river maiden started for the highest mountain top. And as they each spread their basket the flood carried them on its waters, and they were safe in the baskets, but had no way of stopping, and were liable to be carried to the ocean.

Then they knew why the old woman had told them to take a fish net. As the maiden was drifting past Preston Peak she saw the topmost branches of the tallest tree above the water. Reaching out with her net she soon had it fast in the tree top. Soon after, the water began to recede and she was left in the fish net in the very top of the tree with no way to get to the ground. She remembered the old woman

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had said the basket could be used for a rope and she was soon on the ground; and as the water lowered she followed down and stood on the bank of the Klamath near the mouth of Elk creek.

There she waited for her lover to come, knowing that he would look for her "up the River." When he arrived she asked him how he escaped being drowned by the flood. The Indian said his net was caught in a tree-top on the highest peak of Salmon mountain, and as the water lowered he came down the mountain and stood on the bank of the Klamath near the mouth of Salmon river.

They offered an invocation to the Great Spirit. The Indian said to the maiden: "The Great Spirit has seen fit to spare my life; the sun is again shining, the flowers of spring have spread their leaves; our hearts are beating in unison, with love. And so long as mine eye shall remain keen to direct the arrow, my ear quick to detect the approach of the stealthy panther, my arm strong to guide and protect you, we will journey through the forest of life together."

NOTE—I have every reason to believe that this story is true. The old Indian woman, looking into the future, told the girl that the paleface would rule the country. It has come to pass. We know too that the Indian girl of today doesn't tattoo her chin; that, like her white sister, she uses rouge and powder. And we know that the Indians were the makers of wonderful baskets. I have no doubt that the old prophetess did make the water-tight baskets. Soon the art of making baskets will be lost. The old Indian and his ways have changed and soon will be gone forever.

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A Karuk Basket Maker.

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A KARUCK BASKET MAKER

The practice of "burning over" certain areas not only destroyed much insect life, produced good "pasture" feed for deer and kept preying animals from finding convenient cover, but also insured a fresh growth of hazelnut shoots for basket making. These shoots were gathered with care, were peeled and stored away for use when need or inclination, or a lesson in this domestic craft, called for ready materials.

The black stems of the five-fingered ferns and yellow die made from moss furnished the colors most commonly used in the designs.

Story of Big Ike, The Rainmaker

IHE "old timers" along the Klamath river still talk about the flood of 1889 and 1890. They will tell you how the river rose day by day, carrying away houses that had been built on the bars and flats along the banks of the stream, and how the whole mountain-side started sliding toward the river. Some of the old timers know that if it had not been for one dishonest white man there would have been just the amount of rain needed for mining, and no more, and no damage would have been done.

In those days the mining operations depended on the weather. If it was a dry season, the claims on the high ground could not be worked, for the reason that they must have enough water to hydraulic and fill the sluices, and sometimes there would not be enough rainfall to enable them to work their claims. At such a time the merchant would credit them for food and supplies enough to tide over another season.

Now, just before the flood the miners were worried, as were also the merchants. No gold had been taken out, and there was no sign of rain. The In-

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dians heard them complaining and asked them why one of them didn't make rain.

There was one white man who had always been fair and honest in his dealings with the Indians. He told Big Ike he would see that the miners paid the rainmaker and there would be no cheating. Whereupon Big Ike told them he would make rain enough for them to work all winter, that much and no more; but that he had some doubts about making rain for white people; that no good would come out of it. However, he agreed to make rain for twenty dollars paid to him by each miner, they to pay him when the rain began to fall, and the bargain was made.

The white men thought the Indians were trying to be funny at their expense, and were inclined to resent it; but the Indians were serious about it, and told them that if there were no white men among them who could make rain, the Indians had one man on whom they always depended in time of need to make rain for them, but that their rainmaker had never made rain for the white people.

The whites told the Indians to try to get their rainmaker to talk to them. They soon returned with Big Ike, a giant of a man, who told them he could make rain; that he had made rain many times for his people, but never for white men; that the whites never did what they promised, and thought that if they could cheat an Indian it was the proper thing to do.

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Big Ike told the miners he was going up to Medicine Rock, and for them to stay back, as he didn't want any white man around when he was making rain medicine, as Indian medicine never worked if white men interfered in any way. He told them that there was a small cave in Medicine Rock; that he would be in that cave for three days; that at the end of three days it would begin to rain, and then he would come out, collect his money and return to the cave and regulate the rain and see that the miners had just enough for a winter's run.

Now, the average white man would say, "What is that old Indian trying to pull off? Make rain! We are in for another dry season." But then, the average white man doesn't know anything about an Indian rainmaker.

On the afternoon of the third day the clouds began to gather and before night it began to rain. Big Ike thought it would be well to let it rain all night, and then go down and collect the money the miners had promised him, for by that time they would know that he had made the right kind of rain medicine. He had no trouble in collecting the twenty dollars from each miner except one. The last one he called on was a new-comer and not very well known to the other miners, and was working a claim that he had jumped while the owner was away. He refused to pay, and told Big Ike that he had nothing to do with making rain; called him a savage and his wife a squaw.

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Big Ike returned to Medicine Rock to brood over the injustice of the white man's act. There he talked to the Rain God: "The White man has never understood the Red. If the Indian makes rain for the paleface he is told that it just happened; he is never given credit for anything he does to help the white people; he is called a savage, and his wife a squaw; my children don't like to hear their mother called a squaw; the white men along this river have no Rain God. You have listened to my prayers while I made rain medicine, and have allowed only enough water to come through the clouds to furnish enough water for them to work. This is the first and only time an Indian has asked his Rain God to help the paleface; and what is his reward? He is refused what is rightfully his; he is treated like a dog, and is called a savage and his wife a squaw! In order that this dishonest miner may know I am the rainmaker who made this rain, I am asking you, O Rain God, to open the clouds! Let the rain come through until this dishonest paleface has had his ground moved from under him and carried away by the flood waters of the river; and if you see fit, let him go with his claim, even to the great ocean."

While Big Ike prayed to the Rain God he made the rain medicine stronger. The clouds were opened, and it was now raining as it had never rained before. The Indians who were living at the foot of the mountain went up to Medicine Rock and tried to persuade Big Ike to stop the rain, as they feared they would

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The Klamath Near Martin's Ferry.

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THE KLAMATH NEAR MARTIN'S FERRY

The waters of Klamath Lake in Southern Oregon flow out into Lower Klamath Lake through a short channel called Link river. From the Lower Klamath Lake the Klamath river starts on its turbulent flow of nearly three hundred miles to the Pacific. From an altitude of more than four thousand feet it drops to about five hundred feet altitude while yet nearly a hundred miles from the ocean. Few regions anywhere compare with the Klamath in beauty and grandeur of its mountains and forests and streams.

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lose their homes. He told them to go back, that this rain was going to fall until such time as the paleface miners were willing to pay him in full; that even though he was, in the eyes of the white man, a savage and his wife a squaw, they would have to come to him there at Medicine Rock before the rain would stop.

They said: "We stand to lose everything we have, all of our winter supplies, our dried eels and acorn meal; we can catch more eels and gather more acorns, but we also have 'white man grub' that we cannot replace."

Big Ike replied: "Now you go home, take my advice, and sharpen some good strong stakes and stake down your houses; for as each day goes by it will rain harder until the white men come to Medicine Rock, and are willing and ready to proclaim to the world that Big Ike, the Rainmaker, can make rain when he promises to do so, and must be paid for making this rain. Then, and not until then will the rain cease."

Knowing that Big Ike would continue to make rain until the whole mountain-side would slide into the river, they hastened to get help from the miners, telling them that the Rainmaker was in an ugly mood; that their homes were about to be carried away; that if the rain was not stopped soon the mountain-side would surely go; that there would not be a mine left. The miners, after consulting together, decided that they would go up to Medicine Rock and try and

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reason with the Rainmaker. They called to Big Ike, telling him to come out of the cave and talk to them. The Rainmaker said, "I will not go out and talk with you; I have talked with you one time; your talk has proven to be crooked; Big Ike always talks straight and he doesn't understand crooked whiteman talk. Mabyso if that white man who refuses to pay me is made to pay, and you will do as I say, I will stop the rain. I now know that Indian rain medicine was never intended for white men. Go back to your claims and make that white man, who said that I did not make this rain, pay for the trouble that you have all been to, and when you are through, tell him to leave this camp and never return. I am Big Ike, the Rainmaker, and no savage, neither is my wife a squaw. Tell that white man to sharpen one hundred stout stakes and drive them into the ground. I see that the mountain has started to slide already. You will have to hurry before the slide gains momentum, otherwise, the stakes will not hold the slide back."

The miners went back to where the one who had refused to pay was at work, and told him what the rainmaker said, telling him to get busy making and driving the stakes, and to be sure that he drove each stake down until it would hold, and to drive them until there would be no further danger of a slide. He started to object, telling the miners that was nothing but Indian talk, that if the Indian rainmaker wanted the mountain-side staked down he would have to do it himself. A few choice "cuss words" from the min-

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ers soon convinced him that he had better get to driving stakes, and so soon as the last stake was driven, to leave camp for all time.

If he had not driven the stakes when he did the mountain-side would be bare of ground today. As it is, the stakes are still holding it. The dishonest miner left, never to return.

NOTE—In the early days the miner was an honest man; he never locked his cabin. A miner's word was good for any amount of supplies, and the merchants carried him on their books for two or three years during the seasons when he could not work his claims, or when a claim did not yield enough gold to pay for working. Then, when he worked a claim that was rich in gold, he would pay all of his debts.

While I would not be termed an "old timer," I mined on the Klamath as far back as 1877, over fifty years ago, and have known many old timers. The term "old timer" is used by us as a mark of respect to those who are entitled to respect for their honest dealings with everyone, white man and Indian. Should you chance to meet one of the old timers today, he will tell you that Big Ike was, indeed, a Rainmaker.

The Horsefly and the Lightning

YEARS and years ago, long before the pale-face came up the Klamath river with pick, shovel and pan, seeking gold, a horsefly started up the river seeking a horse that he had heard was in a valley far back in the mountains. When he started he was not sure where the valley was, and knowing that he would have to make the journey between daylight and dark, he stopped to inquire as to the route and distance. He first stopped at Cotty-Main and asked if it were possible to see the medicine man, for he knew, as everyone knows, that the medicine man is very wise and, if he sees fit, can answer any question.

The first medicine man, centuries ago, built a sweat house, and told his people that when that sweat house was washed away this world would come to an end on that day. People wondered when that event would take place. You will see how wise that old medicine man was when he built on rock. If you stop at Cotty-main you will see where the river at one time tried to destroy the sweat house by washing the earth away so as to cave in the bank so that the sweat house would slide into the river and be carried to the sea.

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When the horsefly arrived at Cotty-main he was unable to see and talk with the medicine man, as he was in the sweat house and would not talk to anyone for three days. He was told that there was an old chief at Ferry Point, a few miles up the river, who could tell him anything he wanted to know about the weather, and arriving at Ferry Point he found the old chief, and said:

"Chief, I am on my way to Rainy valley where, I am told, there is a lone horse. I have come a long way. It is cloudy, and if rain should fall before I complete my journey, I will be unable to fly through the storm. You have the reputation of being able to tell the day and hour when rain will fall. Will you tell me if rain will fall before night?"

The chief answered: "I have the reputation of knowing when rain will fall, but now I am unable to give you the information you seek. I will explain so that you may know how I kept informed in regard to the weather.

"You will notice a small cave in yonder bluff. At one time an old lizard lived there, a very old and wise lizard, a friend of mine, who knew all about the weather. I would go there and consult him. He never failed to answer my questions, and would tell me if we would have fair or stormy weather. One day, a short time ago, I thought to call on my old friend, and when I called to him a young lizard stepped out of the cave and told me the old lizard was dead; that he was going to take the old lizard's

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place; that he had been taught everything the old lizard knew. I asked a good many questions in regard to the weather. The only answer to my question was, 'I dunno.'

"I think he does know, but if he does, he doesn't seem able to tell anyone. When you ask him a question he hangs his head and says, 'I dunno.' Now, my friend, if the old lizard were alive today I would go to his cave and have a few minutes' talk with him and be able to tell you what you want to know about the weather. I am unable to talk with the young lizard, or with anyone who only knows, 'I dunno.' "

While the horsefly was talking to the chief at Ferry Point, he heard a sound that he and the Indian thought was an Indian woman mourning for her dead and, as they listened, the mournful sound drew nearer and nearer until it was directly over their heads. Looking up they saw a dove in the topmost branches of a tree. Never having heard the dove, who had always been a sweet singer, make such a mournful sound, they asked her why she was trying to imitate the mournful sound made by an Indian woman who had lost one dear to her.

The dove replied: "You have never heard me make such a mournful sound before, but hereafter, and for all time, this is the only sound you or anyone else will ever hear a dove make.

"My grandmother had heard of a horse away back in a small valley in the mountains, known as Rainy valley. She was always kind hearted; she

thought she would fly over and see if the horse was lonesome, and if so, try to cheer him up and keep him company until he was able to leave the valley and mingle again with his own people.

"I arrived there only to find that my grandmother had been killed by lightning. When I found my grandmother dead I was overcome with grief, and I shall ever grieve for her. Therefore, never listen for any other sound from any dove."

"Toeve!" (Meaning death.)

Death was in the air when the horsefly arrived in Rainy valley. The Great Spirit had withdrawn the sun and spread a curtain over the sky. The horse was nowhere in sight. Thunder, low rumbling, sounded afar off, lightning was flashing here and there as though seeking something to strike, but not striking very near. The horsefly tried to locate the horse by circling the valley, but could not find him anywhere. Flying low over a thick brush patch he discovered the horse hidden therein and trembling so that he could hardly stand.

The horsefly asked him why he was in hiding and why he trembled so. "Toeve! Toeve! There is death in the air. See the lightning leaping and flashing! He does that when he is angry; you can see he is in an awful rage. When he is in that mood nothing is safe; he nearly killed me when I first came here. He struck close to me, but I guess he thought I was not worth killing.

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"You see, I was left in the valley to die; the people who owned me didn't know that the trail through this country was so rocky. My feet were soon worn down so that I was unable to travel, and they turned me out here, promising to return and take me out when my feet were tough enough to travel. My feet are now all right and I am fat and strong. I think the lightning is trying to find me today so that he may strike and kill me."

"Don't go into the open," the horsefly replied. "Never fear for me. In coming up the river I stopped a few minutes at Weitchpec. The Indians had formed a circle with one of their tribe standing in the middle of the circle. The one in the center had a piece of bear meat in his hand. He turned around a few times and threw the bear meat and it struck one of the Indians in the breast. I happened to be resting against that Indian, and some of the bear meat struck me. You know, when the bear meat strikes an Indian he will come home from the labors of the chase loaded down with game. Now, having been struck with bear meat the same as the Indian was, I don't fear the lightning. You have given me of your life blood and inasmuch as I am indebted to you I am going to pay my debt of gratitude by meeting the lightning and saving your life."

The lightning was darting here and there seeking something to strike; but no matter how swiftly he moved the horsefly was there ahead of him. Finally, the lightning stopped long enough to ask the horse-

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fly why he was always in the way when he wanted to strike.

The horsefly replied, "Why do you come to this valley? What are you looking for?" The lightning replied, "When I come to this valley I come for the purpose of drinking blood, and lots of it. I see that you are full of blood. Where did you get it? Tell me quickly, that I may strike and satisfy my longing for blood. I have but a short time to stay."

"Where did I get the blood?" queried the horsefly. "Well, now, if you had stopped long enough in one place you would have seen me drawing blood from a tree. All of these trees are full of blood."

Whereupon, the lightning struck the tallest tree and, finding that the horsefly had taken all the blood, he retired beyond the clouds.

We who have lived in the mountains have seen the lightning strike a tree and split it from top to bottom, but the paleface never knew that the lightning was looking for blood.

NOTE—I am glad to be able to tell you why the dove makes such a mournful sound. As a boy I had often wondered why. But after having had the reason explained to me, I think it should be told to you, so that if anyone should ask you you can tell them, and not say "I dunno."

Many times while in the mountains I have been caught in thunder storms, with the lightning flashing and striking all around, and have been told never to seek shelter under a tree as the lightning was liable to strike the tree. I have seen trees split from top to bottom by lightning, but I have never seen blood on the tree. But, of course, I know why the lightning is striking, and that to seek shelter under a tree is never safe so long as the lightning is seeking blood.

Gratitude is a virtue highly developed in the Indian. No Indian has ever been known to show ingratitude. If he has confidence in you, if you have shown him a favor, no matter how

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small, he is always willing to return the favor with interest. True, he never forgets an injury.

In telling you this story, as told by an Indian, you will see that the Indians taught their children by story and precept that they should cultivate gratitude. You will notice that the horsefly protected the horse from the lightning. This is one of the stories which the Indians tell their children to teach them that even a horsefly can show gratitude.

I am very sorry the old lizard has gone to that far distant country "from whose bourn no traveler returns." We miss him sadly. He was a good and wise old lizard, willing at all times to give to the world the knowledge he had acquired and that had been handed down to him. Whatever he knew he told to those who were willing to learn. How different from the young one, who would not, or could not, tell what the old one had been trying to teach him, and, when asked a question, would hang his head and say, "I dunno."

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At the Door of a Sweat House.

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AT THE DOOR OF A SWEAT HOUSE

While the women and children occupied the "community house" the men and youth slept in the "sweat house." The Indians of the Klamath region bathed in the river very frequently. The men were accustomed to build a fire in the sweat house and lie on its stone floor until the perspiration flowed freely, when they would plunge into the stream.

The "sweat house" is the oldest educational institution in America. A daily, five-hour course of instruction was given to all of the boys. Attendance was compulsory. The curriculum embraced everything that their culture included. Law and religion, history and civics, music and morals, personal hygiene, private and public etiquette, public speaking, handcraft and scoutcraft were taught to all. A perfect school system existed here hundreds of years before the Mayflower approached the Atlantic shore.

The Grizzly Bear and The Swift



EASE-NECOPESH!" (Meaning, in Klamath dialect, the truth and nothing but the truth).

This being a true Indian story as told to me by an Indian, it is fitting that I should use the Indian expression in telling it, so that you may know that I promise to tell the truth, and to give you a story that has been handed down from one generation to the next:

"Long before you were permitted to gaze in wonder on this beautiful world, to see the work of the Great Spirit who created the birds and the flowers, the rivers and the lakes, the mountains and valleys and every living being, the grizzly bear was the ruler of this part of the Klamath river, and was feared by the people and all animals living along its banks.

In the long ago there was a family of swifts (small lizards) who were in the habit of sunning themselves near the grizzly's cave; and as they were a happy family, at peace with the world, they thought surely no harm could ever come to them. One day, as the grizzly was coming home after a long tramp in search of food, compelled to retire to his cave on an

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empty stomach, he happened to see the swifts, whereupon, with one stroke of his paw he killed all but one of them.

"The next day the coyote happened to pass that way and, seeing the swift crying, stopped to inquire the reason for his grief, as he knew all swifts were happy people: 'My friend, why are you sorrowing? Is there anything I can do for you? The coyote is ready and willing to help you in any way within his power. Please tell me your trouble.'

"The swift, finding a good friend, answered, 'I am all alone in the world. My brothers and sisters have all been killed by the grizzly. I am glad that I have a friend in you. Everyone knows that you are the smartest of all animals. I will do anything you want done, and in serving you I may be able to kill the grizzly, so that we may live in peace hereafter.'

"That is bravely spoken, my friend. Do as I say, follow my instructions and no matter what happens, don't lose heart. Tonight, when the earth is in darkness, you will find the grizzly asleep in his wigwam; he always sleeps with all four feet in the air, but leaning against the center pole. Build a fire under his feet and wait until I arrive. The fire will keep his feet nice and warm and he will sleep soundly.'

"When the coyote arrived he found that the swift had followed his instructions. Telling the swift to get his sharpest flints, and be ready to do his bidding, he scattered some herbs around the wigwam and placed some on the fire, so that the grizzly would in-

hale the smoke, which would produce sleep that would keep him so that he could not be awakened until morning. Then he told the swift to get busy and cut off the hind feet of the grizzly and drop them into the fire, and to do the same with the front feet. After the feet were cooked the coyote raked them from the fire and ate them.

"The swift, seeing what the coyote had done, knew that the coyote instead of being a friend, had used him in order to get a meal, and that soon the grizzly would awaken, and that all the animals from miles around would be after them. Putting his ear to the ground the swift listened, and as he listened he could hear the patter of many feet. Then he knew that the word had passed that the grizzly's feet had been amputated.

"'Coyote, the animals are coming! Where shall we hide? We surely shall be killed if they find us here!'

"'Aquast-Tee. Cotty-Main,' meaning, at Fox Bar there is a place known as the End of the Trail.'

"The swift climbed on the coyote's back and they started for the End of the Trail with all the animals in pursuit. The coyote got to the End of the Trail a few jumps ahead and came to where the trail ended abruptly against a wall of solid rock with no way around. The swift thought their time had come.

"Now, where the trail ended, there was, apparently, no escape for the coyote and the swift, as there was a sheer drop of several hundred feet to the river,

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and the trail ended against a wall of rock a thousand feet high, straight up, and impossible to climb.

"The coyote never stopped when he came to the end of the trail but leaped for a small opening, just large enough for his body to get through, and landed in a cave. As soon as he had gotten through the opening he commenced to pile rocks in the opening until it was entirely stopped, so that no one could enter from the outside. The swift thought surely that their time had come, as the animals were taking turn about, scratching at the place where the coyote had entered. There was no other way out, and to attempt to go back the way they came meant death.

"After being under ground with the entrance to the cave closed they were beginning to feel as if their time had come and they would never see the light of day again, when afar off in one chamber they saw a dim light, and as they gazed the light grew larger and brighter. At first they didn't know how a light could be burning under ground, but the coyote, who knows all of the ways that are dark, soon recognized the Indian Devil. Now, this Indian Devil can go underground through a hill or mountain; he never stops to go over or around anything, but goes straight through; and his light never goes out. You may see him sometimes at night, going from place to place. He is never seen in the day time. Your boy is never safe when he is around, as he is always trying to lure boys away from home and teach them to do all kinds of wickedness. This is the same devil that the coyote

and the swift saw when they thought they were going to die underground, as they supposed, for killing the grizzly.

"Now, the coyote was a friend of his, and always willing to do anything what the devil wanted done. And the devil was willing to show him a way out. 'Follow me as closely as you can; don't look back; and leave the swift to get out the best way he can. When I get through the mountain you will not be able to see me, as it will be daylight and my lights don't shine in the daytime. Like all evil spirits, I am a spirit of darkness.'

"Like all evil spirits, he would favor only those who worked for him. The little swift he intended to leave in the cave to die. But there is another spirit who looks after the welfare of those who have only goodness of heart, who was guiding the swift. After being left to die alone, the swift started to explore the cave to find a way out. He was sure there was some passage leading to the outer world, when suddenly he slipped and went rolling and sliding down into a small stream of water. Something whispered to him to close his eyes and float along with the stream. He was carried along for what seemed miles and miles bobbing up and down, until finally he came out in the sunlight on the opposite side of the mountain from where the animals were scratching to get into the cave.

"If you should happen along that way you may see him on a rock or log, bobbing up and down in

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the same manner as when being carried along by the stream."

NOTE—Do I believe this story told me by an Indian friend? Yes, I believe, because in this world we have had rulers who have wantonly destroyed, as the grizzly destroyed the swift family; we have crafty people who live by their wits, the same as the coyote; and we all know there is a devil or evil spirit, who is always trying to lead our boys along the "crooked path"; and a good spirit who, if we follow him, will guide us in the "straight and narrow path" which leads to peace and happiness.

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CHRISTINE RUBEN (Karuck)

Christine Ruben is one of the very few Indian girls who has not "bobbed" her hair. The luxuriant growth doubtless accounts for the fact that she has continued to follow the custom of her people in the matter of hairdressing.

The Coyote Wins The Fire

HE FIRE, a great white rock, rightly belonged to the Thunder. He, and he alone, was the caretaker of the Fire. Every living thing was afraid of the Thunder except the Coyote, who is not and never has been afraid of anything; and when the Thunder roars the loudest you may see the Coyote running from place to place, killing and feasting on the timid creatures whom the Thunder has scared out of their wits.

One day when the Thunder was feeling in a very ugly mood and roaring his loudest, the Coyote thought it would be a good time to try to gain possession of the Fire, a great white stone and very brittle, so brittle that if it was not handled very carefully it was liable to fly all to pieces.

The Coyote climbed to the top of a high mountain—some say it was Mount Shasta—and there met the Thunder face to face; and, without any fear of the outcome, challenged the Thunder, stating that if he lost he would forfeit his life to the Thunder, but if the Thunder lost he was to turn over the fire to him.

There were no witnesses as the Thunder and the Coyote gambled, therefore the Coyote was able to

cheat without being detected. The Thunder thought that by making a loud noise he could bluff the Coyote; but the Coyote kept his wits, as he always has, or he would not be alive today. Closing his eyes and making an unusually loud roar, the Thunder opened his eyes to find that by cheating, the Coyote had won.

Now, the Coyote knew the Thunder would be very angry and would try to kill him for cheating. In those days, as now, the Coyote could throw his voice and make it appear that he was a long way off, or very close; also, that there were several of him. He could also leave his skin standing in one place while he was in another.

After winning the Fire the Coyote called to all the animals to come quickly to the top of the mountain and help carry the Fire down to the valley, as it was very brittle and would fly to pieces if he tried to roll it. He had hardly got through calling when the animals were all there on the mountain top, waiting to help with the Fire. The Coyote was standing in their midst when the Thunder approached with the Fire, and said, "The Coyote and I have gambled for the Fire and the Coyote won, but he didn't win fairly. Now, while I lose the Fire, he shall forfeit his life for cheating while my eyes were closed."

Taking the Fire rock from the ground, he hurled it with all his might at the Coyote who appeared to be standing only a few feet away; whereupon the rock broke into a thousand pieces, a small piece lodg-

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ing under the armpit of each animal. That small piece of the Fire under the armpit keeps the animal warm.

When the Thunder hurled the Fire at the Coyote he thought surely he had killed him. Hearing someone laughing behind him, he turned around to find the Coyote grinning, as he always does when he has fooled someone. You see, that was the Coyote's skin at which the Thunder hurled the Fire; the Coyote himself was hiding behind a rock back of the Thunder.



ALICE SPOTT (Euruck)

Indian women of the higher class socially and financially were versed in the lore of their ancestors. Much of this lore has a sacred significance that is rarely appreciated by white persons.

Very few of the younger generation of Indians are taught the lore of their forefathers. The guiding influence of the Indian's code of conduct has almost disappeared, and in some instances it failed to continue in effectiveness until the white man's code had become well established. The transition was not always made without injury to the younger generation.

Alice Spott of Requa is one of the Indian women of noble birth who treasures the traditions and lore of her distinguished ancestors.

The Story of Marp-Maney-Armat

 VERY time that I have visited the Indian people at the mouth of the Klamath river I have marveled at the courage of the women. The manner in which they handle their boats under all kinds of weather and tide conditions has convinced me that they are not only strong in body, but also brave in spirit.

I wondered what gave these women the courage and fortitude they have now, and if it were always theirs. I asked an Indian friend if the women of his tribe were always strong and brave. He replied:

"No, our women were not always strong of heart. In the beginning, women were created with very weak hearts for the reason that their hearts were not put together like the hearts of men. If it were not for a woman living at the head of the river all women today would be living with hearts that would not stand any strain.

"This woman, like women of all nations, wanted to do something for the betterment of mankind, and as she lived alone at the head of the river she communed with the Great Spirit. She told Him that she was going to undertake a long journey by water; that she would start without paddles and would go

down the Klamath river, and would ask Him to guide her, for without his watchful care she would be sure to perish in the swift-running waters.

"This woman, when she started on her journey, was the only living thing at the head of the river; there were no animals or other living things there. Now, in order that you may know that this was indeed a brave woman you must understand that when the Great Spirit created man he sewed his heart together with four strands of deer sinew, as it needed to be strong so that he would be able to undergo any ordeal without fear of a weak heart. When He created woman he used grass to sew her heart together. So you see she must, indeed, have been a brave woman to think of undertaking such a journey, knowing that her heart was sewed together with grass.

"Having built a canoe that she felt sure would withstand the trip, and knowing that no one could use a paddle, she started floating down the river, to go to the end of the world and then return to the head of the river. At first her canoe floated gently down stream and she thought she was going to have a delightful journey; but soon she was going faster, and the farther she went the faster the canoe traveled. She held her face bravely toward the mouth of the river, but the current became so swift that her heart beat so that she was compelled to hold her hand over it, fearing that it would burst. Finally she turned her face upstream. By so doing she would

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not see the many rocks and rapids ahead of the canoe; and as she floated downstream she talked to her heart, telling it to be quiet, as everything depended upon that heart sewed together with grass.

"She had passed the Picky-a-wish grounds at Clear Creek and Cotty-Main, over Ishi-Pishi Falls to Weitchpec. She had been traveling through that part of the river whereon the Karuck or "Up-River-People" dwell. She had entered the part of the river where the Euruck or "Down-River-People" live. Bluff Creek is the dividing line between the Euruck and Karuck people. Had she known what at one time lurked at the mouth of the river, there is no telling if her heart could have withstood the shock.

"An Indian Devil at one time lived under water in the mouth of the river, just where it enters the ocean. No one could pass going down the river nor from the ocean going up the river. Had it not been for a young Indian this woman would never have been allowed to cross the bar at the entrance of the river to the ocean. This young Indian, whose heart had been sewed together with four strands of deer sinew, started from the far north in Alaska where he was born and, knowing no fear, called to the Devil to come to the surface, as the time had come for him to die, that he was there to destroy him. The young man killed the Indian Devil; and now boats can go back and forth through the mouth of the river without being wrecked.

"There being no evil spirit at the mouth to stop

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Ruth Keller Roberts

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RUTH KELLETT ROBERTS

Ruth Kellett Roberts of Piedmont, California, is widely known as one of the best informed women of the State in the lore and customs of the Euruck Indians. As chairman of Indian Welfare of the Women's Federation for the district embracing the lower Klamath Mrs. Roberts has been instrumental in securing employment for many of the Euruck Indian girls in the Bay Region where better opportunities for Americanization and for economic independence have been helpful to these young people.

her, the woman now crossed the bar and was soon far out on the ocean, and was rocked to sleep by the gentle action of the waves. When she awoke she found that her canoe had landed on an island, and she was surrounded by people of another race, who spoke a strange language. They were kind to her and tried in every way to get her to remain with them. Remembering her promise to the Great Spirit to return to the head of the river, she bade them farewell and returned.

"When she arrived at her starting place she found that Indians were living there. When she told them of her journey to the island far out in the ocean and of the race of people that she found there, and of how she had made the journey in a canoe without a paddle, they said that if a woman with a heart sewed together with grass had the courage and fortitude to make a trip that a man with a stout heart would be unable to undergo, they would gather together in the sweat house and, after days of fasting, ask Him who watched over her during her journey to henceforth sew women's hearts together with four cords of deer sinew, but to split the sinew so that their hearts would be only half as strong as the hearts of men.

"Now, if a woman is weak, and is traveling a path in the forest of life that is liable to lead her astray, the Indian says that her heart is sewed together with grass; that if she will pray to the woman at the head

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of the river, she will give her strength to again find the right path."

NOTE—The White Man's history tells us that one of the bravest women of any race of people was born at the very headwaters of the Klamath. She was known as "the woman with a strong heart," Winema, whose name will be in the white man's history until the end of time.

If it is true that the Creator does sew the hearts of women together with deer sinew, I believe that He does not split the sinew, but uses the whole cord.



AN EXPERT OARSWOMAN

Skill and strength are necessary in handling boats on the rushing Klamath. Boats are the exclusive means of transportation along many miles of the lower course of the Klamath. No roadway parallels the river in this region. Since the Indian settlements are generally close to the river, travel is by means of boats. Much skill is required in "shooting the rapids" and great strength is necessary to propel a boat upstream.

The Grizzly Bear and The Indian

PART I

HE year 1876 found me in Butte valley. As usual I was afoot. In those days I did most of my traveling on foot. One morning while walking over a very narrow trail I came to where a grizzly had just killed a young beef, and from the size of the track I knew it was an unusually large bear. I got quite a thrill out of measuring the tracks and speculating on the size of the bear and what I would do if he should happen to come back before I could get to a safe place, as I had no gun or weapon of any kind. Still, I was not afraid.

I knew where some Indians were camped and thought if I should go to their camp and tell them what I had found they would go back with me and I would see how an Indian killed a bear. I talked a long time before I got them to pay any attention to me—they didn't seem to be interested in bears. Finally one of them said that he would catch some ponies, one for me, one for himself and one for a boy to go along and bring all the ponies back. In those days every Indian owned a lot of ponies. The Indian asked me if I was afraid, if so it were better for me

not to start. I told him I was not afraid; that I would go with him and do as he said; all I wanted was to see how an Indian killed such a large bear. He said, "Mebbe so."

After arriving at the place where the bear made the kill the Indian told the boy to take the ponies back to camp and return at about an hour after sunrise the next morning. He then proceeded to tell me his plan, which was to build a scaffold in a tree so that we would be safe from attack and the bear would not be likely to get our scent. I worked hard under his directions and in about an hour we had our scaffold finished, were seated where we were safe from attack, and were quite comfortable for a while.

As we were compelled to sit in one position, I started squirming to find an easier seat, and he started to talk with the idea of getting my mind on something other than the uncomfortable seat. He told me many things that night that I have pondered over since; some things that I had not known in regard to Indian ways. First, I learned that the white man had much to learn from the red man.

We had not been in the tree very long before I began to feel sleepy. The Indian, with the idea of keeping me awake, began to talk. He said the bear would not be back the first part of the night, therefore he could talk without any fear of keeping the bear away. He said: "Mebbe so if that bear come in the morning I talk to him first thing before I kill him."

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"Talk to him? He won't know what you are saying. Are you just going to talk? Tell me what you are going to say to the bear."

"I cannot tell you because I will have to talk Indian; he don't understand white man talk. I was with my father once when he killed a grizzly; he talked to the bear a long time before he killed him; he talked Indian talk. Say, Charlie, if my father talked to you like he talked to that bear you would know that he was not just talking.

"He say to that grizzly—he talked to him this way: 'There was a time when you were nothing but an empty skin, we could shoot arrows through you and not draw blood, for the reason that there was nothing inside your hide. After a long time your skin began to fill out, until you are now so big and strong that you go around killing people who never harmed you. You have killed my people for no other reason than that you are afraid of them. You are a coward. Your heart is black; your blood is black; you kill at night. There is nothing you do that will stand the light of day.'

" 'I am going to kill you, not because I fear you, but so that my boy, who is only ten years old, will be safe from attack from you. I have one shot in my rifle. If that does not kill you I will finish you with the knife. Now you know why I am going to kill you—to rid the earth of one who has never shown mercy, feeling that the world will be better when you have been slain.'

" 'That one shot has not reached a vital spot, therefore it shall be death with the knife. I am now giving you fair warning that I will cut out your black heart. You, who killed my grandfather, my father and my brother, you must die so that my son will be safe. Now I say to you, you coward, stand up! And this knife will let the black blood from your heart. Ah! Now you are standing, but you are trembling. You are afraid. You know your time has come. You would like to stay here and kill my boy. I am giving you warning that I am about to strike swift, sure and deep.

" 'Well, you are dead. My people have been avenged. This will be a warning to every grizzly.' "

I asked my Indian friend if that was really what his father said to the bear. He replied, "I dunno, mebbe so, he talk Indian talk; grizzly bear understand that kind of talk."

Just as I was beginning to feel that I could not stay awake another minute he said: "Say, Charlie, you going to sleep? I going to tell you something. White man all time talk Indian too lazy; make woman do all the work, carry heavy load on her back; he go ahead, just carry gun, that's all. Yes, Indian man go first, woman come behind with pack on her back, mebbe so got U-Sips Tonish, (small baby) in that pack; that's all right.

"Suppose man got heavy load on back; how is he going to fight for wife and baby? Long time ago Indian man must fight bear, panther and any other

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animal that attack his woman and children; how can he fight if his arms are not free? He has never asked his woman to run, nor to fight. That is just Indian way."

"I remember when the first white people traveled through this valley. I am boy that time. My people told me not to have anything to do with the white man, as they were all bad and didn't like an Indian. But, like all boys, I was curious to know, so I and another boy of the same age would sneak through the sage brush just like a coyote and watch them as they traveled along the road.

"We did that for quite a while, and some way we liked the looks of the white men. After a while we got bolder, and one time when they camped we approached their camp so close that we could see them cook and eat their evening meal. The cooking smelled good to us boys, and without consulting anybody we walked right into the camp. We just stood and looked. We thought that if they were the right kind of people, they would ask a boy to eat the grub that was left over from the meal, and they did. The food tasted mighty good to us, and we always made it a point to get to a camp at meal time.

"Our people got suspicious after we had made several trips, and wanted to know how we were putting in our time. We told them that we had been making friends with the white men. They wanted to know how many men were in the train, and the names and number of the oxen and wagons. We had

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seen the drivers urging the oxen along the road and heard them call out 'Whoa, haw, damn you!' We thought these were the names of the animals they were driving, so we told our people there were so many 'Whoa, haw, damn yous.'

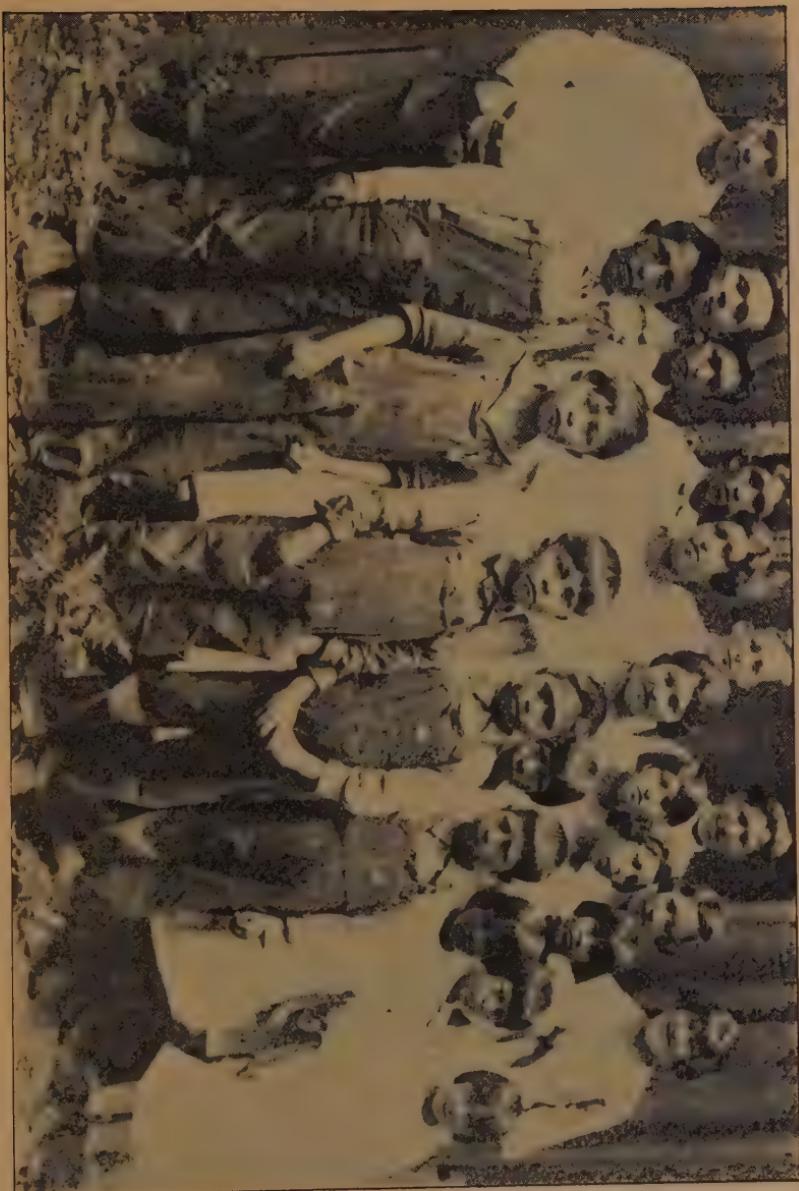
"They told us that the next time we visited a camp to bring back some of the grub so they could see if it was fit for an Indian to eat. We noticed that when the white man got through eating he would reach into his pocket, take out a plug of tobacco, cut off a piece and chew it; so we got them to cut several pieces for us.

"When we returned to camp our people wanted to know if we had any white man grub with us. We gave them each a small piece of tobacco and told them that it was white man grub. After they had chewed the tobacco and recovered from its effects, they told us not to eat any more white man grub, that it might be all right for white man but not for Indian."

He told me many things that night. Some of them I will tell you in another story.

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DILLON PUBLIC SCHOOL. All pupils, except one, are Karuck Indians.



LORE AND LEGENDS OF THE



Johnny Southard (Mad Bull)

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JOHNNY SOUTHARD (Mad Bull)

Human endurance has seldom been taxed to the degree to which it is subjected in the world-famous Marathon races over the Redwood Highway from San Francisco to Grants Pass, Oregon, a distance of 485 miles. Much of this course is over mountain roads.

Johnny Southard (Mad Bull), a Karuck from Happy Camp, was winner of the \$1000 prize in the Marathon of 1927.

LORE AND LEGENDS OF THE

PART II

"Efuch, Vour-necopesh, Poveyease, Necopsh."

"What are you talking about; why don't you talk English? That kind of talk don't mean anything to me."

"That means just the same as if you hold up your right hand in court. So, when I tell it you these stories I am telling you in Indian that it is the truth and nothing but the truth, but it means more to me if I repeat it in Indian talk. To me it is a vow, a solemn promise to the Great Spirit. He understands that kind of talk.

"Charlie, I would like to get back home as soon as possible. I have a new boy at my wickiup."

"I bet he is a fine, large boy. How much did he weigh? Ten pounds? Lots of white babies weigh ten pounds at birth."

"Ten pounds! What's the matter? No Indian baby ever weighs ten pounds at birth; only white baby weigh that much. You have heard white people say Indian woman can become mother when Indian travel; and in a short time take baby on her back and travel; not much sick.

"That's all right. Long time before baby come Indian woman must eat with other women; no eat with men folks at all. She can not eat any meat and only such food as her husband tells her she shall eat. She is not allowed to eat anything that will cause the child to grow and be other than a very small baby.

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"Therefore, when the mother looks upon her newborn babe, a very small bit of humanity, and gathers it in her arms and journeys along with her tribe and people, she is not an encumbrance to them. We never had doctors and nurses for our women but depended on nature to take its course. White baby weigh ten pounds; mother pretty near die when that baby come; she get doctor and nurse, lots of things to care for her; father think mebbe so she die.

"White man can learn from Indian, but he never ask Indian nothing. He all time tell Indian everything. Say, Charlie, white man call my woman 'squaw.' What he do that for? My woman always been good woman; I never hear that word before white man come. Mebbe he don't like Indian woman; that's all right. Suppose Indian call white woman 'squaw'? What's the matter now?

"Say, Charlie, you going to sleep? Mebbe so I going tie you in that tree all right. I going to tell you a story; my grandmother tell it me that story. 'A long time ago lots of meat spoil; more meat here than Indian use; he jerk lots of it, but still large quantities were wasted. If it could be preserved so that it would remain fresh for all time, then we could use it in the winter time when game is scarce or in poor condition.

"We talked with a very old and wise yellowjacket as to the best way to preserve this vast amount of meat. He told us that we had come to the right one; he knew just how that meat could be preserved for all time. He said, don't worry, I will call all the yel-

lowjackets together and tell them just what to do. Tell your people to kill all the game they can and pile it close to Mount Shasta; have them put all the livers in one pile and all the carcasses in another. My army of yellowjackets will carry it to a safe place; we will see that the coyote stays away from that meat, or we will sting him to death.

" 'We told the old yellowjacket to go ahead and tell his people to get together at the foot of Mount Shasta; we will send word to all our people to kill all the game they could and bring it to the place we had agreed on. We told them not to shoot their arrows through the liver, as we wanted to preserve the livers for the yellowjackets, as they were to have the livers for doing the work.

" 'After the meat was all brought to the appointed place the Indians sent for the old yellowjacket and told him they had fulfilled their part of the agreement and now he must do his part. The old yellowjacket called to all his people to assemble together and listen to him while he told them what he wanted done. He told them that at one time he had discovered the carcass of a deer imbedded in a glacier on Mount Shasta and had been told that it had been there for years and years. Therefore, for them to go as far up the mountain as they could and dig a hole in the solid snow and ice, to carry the meat there and place it in the hole, being careful to put in plenty of snow and pack it solid, so that no air could get in to spoil the meat, and to cover everything with snow;

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that if they carried out his instructions the meat would always remain fresh.

"The yellowjackets started up the mountain and after going quite a distance they stopped to rest, and while resting they began to talk. One yellowjacket said that he couldn't see why that old one wanted them to go so far up the mountain, and why it was necessary to dig in the solid snow and ice; that where they were would be a much better place; the snow was not very deep and it would be much easier digging, and he didn't believe that old people knew very much. He finally persuaded all of the yellowjackets that his plan was the best. So they worked hard and dug a large hole. They were soon through the snow and then they dug away down into the earth; they piled in the meat and covered it with earth and snow. Of course it spoiled.' "

"Now, in climbing the mountain, when you come to the place where the meat was buried you will feel nauseated. When you near the top you will come to what appears to be a sulphur spring, but the Indians know that this is water running through the place where the meat was buried. If you doubt it, all you have to do is to climb to the top of Mount Shasta, and one whiff from the water will convince you.

"All right, Charlie, I tell it to you another story, pretty soon."

LORE AND LEGENDS OF THE



Henry Thomas (Flying Cloud)

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HENRY THOMAS (Flying Cloud)

Henry Thomas (Flying Cloud), a Karuck from Happy Camp, won the \$5000 prize in the 1928 Marathon between San Francisco and Grants Pass, Oregon. This gruelling ordeal of 485 miles of running demands not only a perfect physical mechanism but a temperament adapted to the strain of the struggle.

No motor ever functioned more smoothly and perfectly than did the human mechanism of this runner who never dropped into a walk throughout the course. The final mile was run in almost record sprinting time, and the victor seemed unaffected by fatigue.

LORE AND LEGENDS OF THE

PART III

I had been sleeping. Like all boys, I had a hard time trying to stay awake. The Indian was singing, and as I listened I heard him sing this song:

"Hay loomo hay
Hay loomo hay,
E-nee Pul Muky to-to;
Sol tu mu hay."

I listened to him sing this Indian song until I felt sure he was in a happy state of mind, then I asked him if that was the only song the Indians sing. "No, Charlie, we sing other songs; I am singing that song tonight because I am happy. I am happy because the white boy whom I have lashed to a limb can sleep while I watch for the bear. It makes me happy to know that he has confidence in me.

"Then, again, I have a baby boy who will be waiting for me to return to my wickiup. I had another baby boy who stayed with us for a short time, and we were happy while he was with us, but Gitche Manato, the Great Spirit who spreads sunshine and also spreads darkness, saw fit to call our loved one to that home beyond the skies, where sometime we shall meet again; where the pleasures and pains of this earth never can enter. When that baby died this is the song I sang:

'Hippa pya wayla hya,
Hippa pya wayla hya;
Hay loomo hay,

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Hay loomo hay,
(Very low key)
Hippa pya wayla hya,
Hippa pya wayla hya.'

"White man say Indian no sing; that's all right; white man say blue jay no sing. You hear Indian sing because he knows you don't hate him. Some time when the blue jay knows you no longer hate him he will sing for you and you will listen to him fill the air with the sweetest music you have ever listened to."

I remarked that the stars were unusually bright and he answered: "Yes, white man thinks God live up there." I asked him if his people believed in a supreme being. He wanted to know what I meant by a supreme being. I explained that we referred to this being as the supreme being, the great ruler of the universe, God. "Yes, we have the same kind of being. He is known to us as Gitche Manato, the Great Spirit, our Creator, who controls the destiny of all the children of the earth; a good, kind, merciful being who is never revengeful nor vindictive; who supplies us with an abundance of game; who fills the oceans, lakes and rivers with fish, and makes the soil produce apaws, acorns, camas, berries and everything to nourish and make us strong; who fills our hearts with love for all mankind. And when our journey through life is ended he takes us to that eternal home where want and sorrow can never enter.

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"Charlie, did you notice yonder shooting star? You saw it shoot across the sky and fall in the darkness? So it is with the children of the earth. We are here for a time, and like the shooting star, we are gone."

Just as day was breaking I was awakened by the Indian talking. After listening a while I knew that I was listening to an orator; one who seemed to have a wonderful command of language. I didn't understand the words but I am sure the bear did. As the grizzly came out of the timber the Indian was talking. The bear stopped to listen and then came on, which seemed to inspire the Indian to greater efforts of oratory. The bear was not paying the attention he should to the Indian's talk.

Soon the Indian descended from the tree and stood on the ground, and taking careful aim shot the bear back of the shoulder, whereupon the bear fell but was soon upon his feet, making for the tree, growling and trying to bite the wound. In the meantime the Indian was back in the tree loading his gun. The grizzly tried to climb the tree but could not make any headway. However, he did make the tree shake until I thought he was going to uproot it. After loading his rifle the Indian very slowly and cautiously descended until he could almost reach the bear with the muzzle of his gun. Taking careful aim, he fired, hitting the bear in the eye and killing it almost instantly.

I was soon down on the ground and "stepping

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high." I told the Indian that we killed the bear; that we had meat for all the people in the valley; that we would make a robe of his hide. The Indian said, "Yes, mebbe so we kill it that bear, I no hear you shoot. That meat is no good, too strong to eat; if he had been feeding on berries and acorns that been good meat, no good when he eating meat; the skin will not make robe because the fur is no good at this time. But, however, we will cut off the feet and roast them and have a fine feed."

We waited a long time for the boy to come with the horses. Just as I was beginning to think he would never come the boy walked up to the bear and said, "You are the one who scared the horses and caused me to be thrown off, and we are now left without horses and must walk to camp." The Indian told us each to take a foot, and with him carrying the other two we walked to camp. I found that one foot all I wanted to carry.

NOTE—Since that time I, too, have heard the blue jay sing. And of all the music-throated birds of the forest he is the sweetest singer. One time while resting under a tree high up in the mountains I saw a blue jay at work pecking nuts from a sugar pine cone, and as he worked he seemed to be very happy. He would loosen a nut and before it reached the ground he would catch it and start back, loosen another and catch that one, until he had all he could eat. Being tired, I leaned back against the tree and fell asleep. I was awakened by hearing the sweetest music that I have ever heard. At first I thought I was dreaming; I looked up in the tree but could see nothing but the blue jay and kept looking for the singer, and sure enough, it was the blue jay singing. I have heard him many times since.

I am glad that I had the good fortune to spend that night in the tree with the Indian; I have often thought of him since. I know that as I listened to his wise sayings I profited thereby; and like the blue jay who was happy pecking nuts from the pine cone, so I have been happy telling you the story of the grizzly bear and the Indian.

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Viola Humphreys (Karuck)

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VIOLA HUMPHREYS (Karuck)

Viola Humphreys (Indian name, Co-woo-da, meaning the one who can do everything) is a graduate of the Yreka High School. While attending High School she always had a leading part in all athletic activities. She can drive a team or a truck, shoe a horse, put a three hundred pound pack on a mule, one hundred and fifty pounds on a side, throw a diamond hitch and lash the pack as securely as a regular packer. She can pitch a winning game of baseball, bake a loaf of bread, or recite Shakespeare or Tennyson. Viola has absorbed the best of the two cultures—that of the red race and of the white race.

The Story of The Lake



HIS is the true story of an Indian maid, who became weary of living the life of the children of the forest, and one day wandered away from her tribe and people and took up her habitation with the pale-face nation, where she remained a long time and was happy; but as time rolled on she became discontented, always looking backward to the time when she used to climb to the top of a distant mountain where a beautiful lake nestled among the pines and, standing upon its grassy bank, gazed into its quiet depths, where she beheld her face reflected from its crystal clearness as she arranged the wild flowers in her hair.

One day, feeling more depressed than usual, she climbed the mountain, dressed in the attire of an Indian maid, and once again stood upon the bank and gazed upon the smiling bosom of the lake which in the past had always returned her cheerful smile. Now, there was no vision of an Indian maiden reflected from its surface, as the waters thereof were muddy. She thought this strange, as she had never known them to be muddy before.

As she approached the lake the next day she observed that the waters were still dark and muddy.

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Being unable to account for the unsettled appearance of the once shining waters, which refused to reflect her smiling face as of old, she visited the prophet of her tribe and told the story of the lake. The prophet listened to her, and, when she had finished her story, he told her that the lake was still clear to her tribe and people, for they lived the life of the children of the forest, but to those who had wandered away the waters would ever be dark; for her to return to her tribe and everything would be bright and clear.

Once more she was back with her tribe and people, listening entranced to the murmuring of the brook, and to the music-throated birds fill the woods with their evening songs. And always as she listened she seemed to hear a sweeter note, away off in the dim distance, that was by far sweeter than any she had heard, the same note that you and I have listened to, the note of love.

After returning to her tribe, she was told by one of the old women that there was a certain ceremony that every young girl just coming into womanhood would have to undergo. She must wear a mask, made from the breast and head feathers of the blue hawk, and of the feathers of the yellowhammer.* The yellowhammer feathers are spread out in the shape of a fan; then the white feathers of the hawk come next, covering to the eyes; then the blue feath-

*A few of these masks still exist among the older women of the tribe.

LORE AND LEGENDS OF THE

ers of the breast of the hawk come down and cover the whole face, so that the features are completely hidden. The white symbolizes purity.

Then she must undergo an ordeal that only those who are pure of heart can undergo and come through with the respect of the tribe. Should she falter or fall by the wayside she loses the respect of the tribe and is ever after shunned by the women of her tribe. She is sent out after being masked, alone with a young man. They must travel together for two days and nights over a certain country, and at certain places erect small monuments** by piling one rock on top of another. There are always enough monuments to pile, and enough country to travel over, so that if one monument is missing it will show that they have tarried too long in one place, and she will be the one who will be blamed.

"No, I can never do that; I never will even try to comply with what you ask me to do," she said. She again climbed the mountain and found the waters of the lake still muddy. She told the story of her love to her old Indian woman friend, who advised her to search the forest and try and find a flower planted by the Great Spirit; that if she could pluck that flower she would be enabled to meet again the one whose love she thought she had lost.***

**The mounds are frequently found in the mountains that guide the Klamath to the sea.

***These flowers are of rare beauty and can be seen in bloom in the spring on the vertical cliffs of the Klamath, almost inaccessible.

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This flower, planted by the Great Spirit, always grows in places almost impossible to reach, and no one was ever known to attempt to pluck one and live after doing so.

She told the old woman that she was going to risk getting one of these flowers, as she would rather be dead than lose the love of him to whom she was engaged to be married. She found where one of the flowers was growing, on the very edge of a steep precipice. Before she ventured she fastened a rope to a small tree, and let herself down to where the flower was growing; and standing on the very edge, she gathered the flower and placed it next to her heart. While gathering the flower she asked the protection of the Great Spirit, and prayed:

"O, Thou Great Spirit, the tears of sorrow on my cheeks,

"Can only be wiped away by the kisses of him I love;

"Give me courage and strength to pluck this wonderful flower;

"O, Great Spirit, if it is Thy will that I shall fail,

"And find death in the swift running waters of the river—"

But her feet slipped. For an instant the rope held, and then was cut in two on the sharp edge of a rock, and she slid off over the edge of the precipice toward the river, a thousand feet below.

* * *

LORE AND LEGENDS OF THE

One day in the latter part of September a white man and an Indian were working their way down the Klamath river in a canoe. These two men, the red-skin and the white man, were fast friends; their friendship dating back to the time when they attended college together. The white man was visiting his Indian friend, to see some of the wonders of the Klamath, and also to try to forget that he had ever loved an Indian maiden.

This young man was an engineer, and his friend had told him that in early days there were no regular engineers to consult, and that the pioneers were compelled to figure out their own problems; that there was still standing a work done by Chinese that would interest him; that in early days there was a rich piece of mining ground that had never been worked by reason of there being no way to get water onto it. The Chinese figured that by patience and hard work they could get water to the ground.

There was no way to dig a ditch as there was solid rock from where they wanted to take the water out to the ground they wanted to work. So they built a flume along the solid bluff by cutting hitches in the rock and driving supports into the hitches, then bracing the supports and laying the flume thereon. In building this flume they had to use rope ladders to let themselves down over the edge, and to work from. But before going any farther down the river it would be well to stop and see if the Picky-a-wish ceremonies were in progress. After

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being told that all of the Indians and many of the whites attended these ceremonies, the young man was anxious to stay and witness them, as he would stand a chance of again meeting the one he had loved and lost.

He had never known anyone who could explain the meaning of the word "Picky-a-wish," and asked why the Indians held the ceremony at this season of the year.

His Indian friend told him that "Picky-a-wish," meaning "New Year," is celebrated when the last full moon in September is directly over Sugar Loaf mountain.

Before they begin the celebration the medicine man goes into his sweat house and remains there for eight days, and no one is permitted to visit him during that time. He is allowed one meal of fish broth, no meat being eaten during that time by him, thereby making it almost a total fast during the eight days.

After being in the sweat house for eight days he comes out for two days and then returns for five days. During the two days he is out, the old men stand around and look out for the welfare of the world. During this time they are shooting arrows in all directions for the protection of every one, the white people as well as the Indians. He then returns to the sweat house and remains five days, after which he goes to the fire ground, accompanied by the young men, who shoot arrows in all directions. When he goes to the last fire he goes alone. No one is al-

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Aurelia Humphreys (Karuck)

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AURELIA HUMPHREYS (Karuck)

Aurelia Humphreys of Happy Camp is a graduate of the Yreka High School. While at High School she took a leading part in athletics and was a prominent member of a pennant-winning baseball team. Children in the elementary school at Happy Camp are interested in all forms of athletics and play "hard." This community produced the winners of the first and second Marathon races between San Francisco and Grants Pass, a distance of 485 miles.

The problem of the red race as well as of the white race is solved only through increased opportunity.

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lowed to go with him. He then puts out the last fire and the celebration is over. If, within five days, a rain obliterates all the tracks made by the people during the celebration they are sure to have a prosperous year.

The white man and his Indian companion, after witnessing the Picky-a-wish, were getting ready to go down the river. The Indian asked his friend what made him sad, that he noticed he had not taken any interest in the Picky-a-wish.

He replied, "It is true that I have not been interested in the Pick-a-wish, or anything since coming here. I came here because something seemed to draw me; some mysterious power over which I have no control. While you and I were attending college I met an Indian girl who was attending the same institution. We loved each other and she promised to be my wife. I suggested that we get married and take a trip to a far distant country, whereupon she told me that if I was ashamed to tell the world that I loved her and that she was my wife, it would be better that we part now; that her people never ran away after being married; that she loved me and would still love only me to the end. That is the last I have seen of her. I came here thinking I would find her here."

"My friend, I too, think you will find that you were directed by the Great Spirit to come here, and that all will be well. Now let us start on our trip down

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the river to where the flume built by the Chinese still stands."

"We have now arrived at a place where we can beach our canoe, but before we make camp, if you will look far up on yonder bluff you will see the flume clinging to the face nearly at the top. But stay, look beyond the top, far up in the sky and you will see a white bird hovering over one spot; that means that the life of one of our girls is in danger. That bird is never seen except when one of our Indian girls is in danger. Now see, it comes closer to the earth; you will notice that it is pure white, and it is never seen near anyone who is not pure of heart. With our people as well as all other races and people white symbolizes purity. But now see, it is flying around in a circle as though in distress. Surely we must hurry or we shall be too late to render assistance.

"Now look, the bird instead of being white, has changed color and it is, as you see, a bright red, which means that we are too late to save this girl from whatever fate has befallen her. My friend, I know that you doubt what I have been telling you; you think it is just Indian superstition. But with all of my education in the white man's schools I still believe in the signs, symbols and legends of my people. Now look! Look! There, hanging on the very edge of the cliff, see that form hanging there! Now it has lost its hold and will surely be killed on the rocks below!"

When they were building this flume there was an

oak tree growing out of a small ledge. The Chinese used this tree, as it was sound and well rooted, upon which to build a platform, which was well braced and sloped toward the flume. The girl, in falling, dropped into the top of the tree and then to the platform, and from there she slid into the flume. They expected her to roll over the edge of the flume, or the flume to break and dash her to death on the rocks below. But the platform held, and fortunately she lost consciousness. The white man offered a prayer that the platform would hold until he could reach her.

Now, there had been a narrow ladder built into the bluff from the ground to the flume, in the same manner that they built the flume. Working his way up the ladder he soon reached the platform, and taking her form in his arms he started to descend, but found that he would need all of the strength of his hands and arms to reach the bottom. He removed his belt and cutting slits in her buckskin blouse placed the belt through the slits and buckled it tightly. He fastened his shirt under the belt, knotted the sleeves, and, placing her on his back, with the knotted ends in his teeth, he soon reached the ground. Placing her tenderly upon a bed of ferns that the Indian had gathered, they worked to bring her back from the dark shadow, and were rewarded by seeing her slowly return and look into the eyes of the one whom she had thought she would never again see in this world.

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The last time I visited this couple we all went up to the lake together, and from the shining surface of its crystal clearness four faces were reflected, the faces of the Indian matron, the man she loved, one boy and one girl. Standing on its grassy bank we offered a prayer that the lake would ever remain clear, realizing that in all the ages where men have lived they have all worshipped the same Being, the Great Ruler of the Universe, the Great Spirit, from whom emanates the Divine Spark, Love.

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Indian Children "Playing Indian"

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INDIAN CHILDREN "PLAYING INDIAN"

Races differ much in the degree to which emotions are permitted outward expression. Habits and training, as well as imitation, affect the degree to which the emotions are concealed. Indian children who grow up in close association with white children soon acquire the emotional expression of the white race.

The Coyote Tries to Steal the Fire



HE COYOTE, while he is the smartest of animals, is also the most covetous.

In the beginning the Fire was a very tiny coal and very precious, so precious that it was guarded day and night lest it be stolen or destroyed and the woods people be forever left without means of cooking their food. Now, the Coyote knew about this small coal of Fire and determined to have it for his very own; so he figured out a way of gaining possession of it.

He went from place to place and talked with different animals and birds whom he thought would enter into his scheme, and by promises he got them to consent to help him. The plan that he worked out was for these animals and birds to be stationed at different places along a given stretch of country. The Hawk was to sweep down, grab the coal and fly with it until he came to where an animal would be waiting, who would take it and run as fast as the wind to the next one.

Everyone must travel fast and get to the next one before the Fire burned him so that he would have to drop it. And how they did travel, with the coyote urging them to the utmost speed and endurance!

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There was a small lake to cross, and as the Coyote had started with the Hawk he knew that he could not get any bird to fly over the lake who would not be liable to drop the coal into the water. He studied a long time, and thought of calling on the Poof-Poof to help him get the Fire over the lake safely, but he knew he could not fool the Poof-Poof as he could other animals; so he got the Turtle to consent to take the Fire across and deliver it on the other side of the lake, where he would be waiting to receive it and hide it where it could never be found.

The coyote knew that the Turtle was so slow that he would have plenty of time to run around the lake and be on the other side waiting for him. He had seen the Turtle traveling to the river when the pond where he lives during the winter had dried up, and back again in the fall after the rains had made the pond a fit place for a Turtle to live.

The last animal to get the coal of Fire was the Ground Squirrel, who carried it above his tail. It was all he could do to get to where the Turtle was stationed, and the coal was beginning to burn through his hide. If you have seen a black spot above the Ground Squirrel's tail, that was where the coal nearly burned through before he could deliver it to the Turtle.

By the time the Turtle got the Fire the animals and people that it had been stolen from were almost at the lake; so the Turtle grabbed the coal and tucked it under his shell where it would keep dry, and, div-

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ing into the lake, he was soon on the opposite bank, and as the Coyote had not yet arrived, the Turtle reached into his shell, got the coal and placed it in some nice dry leaves. In a very short time the forest was afire, and, thereafter, there was no danger of anyone trying to have it for his own, as there was fire for everyone.

If you want to know the different birds and animals that took part in this race, all you have to do is to notice a black spot above the tail. That is where they carried the Fire, and the black spot was made by the heat.

Oh, yes! I forgot to tell you why the Coyote didn't try to get the Poof-Poof to take the Fire across the lake. The reason was he knew he could not fool the Poof-Poof. Nobody can. He is a species of water dog about eighteen inches or two feet long, a very fierce looking but harmless animal. He has great flanges on the sides of his head which make him look as though he were twice as large as he really is; and, unlike the Coyote, he is honest. All he wants is what belongs to him, and he insists that what is his be left where he stores it.

You have, no doubt, seen piles of acorns that he has built. No artist can, no matter how skillful, make acorns into so beautiful pyramids, each acorn placed so that it holds the next one. You may see him carrying straw in his mouth to cover over his hoard to keep out the rain and snow so that his acorns will keep dry all winter and not rot.

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I know an Indian woman who had been working all day gathering acorns, and toward evening started for home. Being very tired she sat down to rest. She didn't have as many acorns as she thought she should have, so, seeing where the Poof-Poof had stored his, and having one empty basket, she filled it with those that belonged to the Poof-Poof; and it was lucky for her that she didn't mix them with her own acorns.

Now, the Poof-Poof can tell who takes his acorns, and will follow him wherever he may go. He can tell his own acorns from any others and will not accept any but his own that he has gathered and stored away. That night, finding his acorns gone, he followed the Indian woman home, and just as she was sitting down to eat supper she heard a rap on the door. Upon opening the door she found no one there, but she could hear, "Poof-Poof!" And no matter what she would do the same noise would be ringing in her ears.

She finally gathered up a lot of acorns and placed them outside, but the noise still continued. She thought there would be no sleep for her that night, when she happened to think that the Poof-Poof wanted more acorns; so she placed all of the acorns she had gathered that day, together with those she had taken from the Poof-Poof, in a separate basket, outside. In a very short time the noise ceased.

The next morning, on going outside she found that the Poof-Poof had not taken a single acorn that

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belonged to her, but had carried away those that rightfully belonged to him. Had she not given back the acorns she would still be hearing, "Poof-Poof! Poof-Poof!"

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Minnie Spott and May Natt

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MINNIE SPOTT AND MAY NATT

In some sections the Indians have become more thoroughly Americanized in two generations than certain white races have in the course of a century.

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— a Dancer (Ksang)

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LEONA DAVIS (Karuck)

This picture of an Indian child shows that they still delight in the adornments of the Indian head dress.

When the Man of Love said, "Suffer little children, and forbid them not, to come unto me: for of such is the kingdom of heaven," He made no discrimination among races of mankind.

Starry Eyes

NTHE summer of 1880 I was camped far back in the mountains in a meadow on Salmon Summit. In those days I traveled with a pack horse and made camp where there was plenty of grass for the horse, and sometimes if the camping place suited me I would stay there a week. I had camped at this place one night, and the next day an Indian rode into camp and asked me to move about a mile and camp with him. He offered to help me pack and assured me his camp was a better camping place; so I moved and we camped together for several days. Early next morning after arriving there the Indian killed a deer. We jerked the meat, and that night he placed the carcass close to the fire and roasted it; and while we cut strips of the most delicious meat that I had ever eaten he told me stories of his tribe. One of these was the story of Starry Eyes.

It-tie-you, means white or marble. Marble mountain is where the Indians went in summer to hunt and fish. Its high valleys were the home of elk, bear and deer; its forests abounded with grouse, and its streams with fish. While the summer season is short, anyone, white or red man, who has ever visited the

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Marble Mountain country always longs to return there and forget for a time the battles and struggles of the country wherein the white man dwells.

"Many years ago the Shasta tribe were camped in a valley at the foot of Marble Mountain. Among the members of the tribe was a beautiful maiden named Starry Eyes. Her eyes were so bright that the young men of the tribe said they were like stars at night. Now, while Starry Eyes was beautiful and a favorite with her people, she, like beautiful women of other races liked to have her own way, which often led her into trouble. She was told by her people that the E-wipe tribe and the Shastas should never intermarry and that if she should happen to meet any of the young men of the E-wipes it would be well for her to turn her back to them and return to camp, that she would not understand their dialect, and she would not know whether they were making love to her or not. Now, this girl was not only lovely but she was very wise. She knew that love is not spoken in any dialect or language but is understood by all, that it emanates from the Great Spirit and is given to us to make the earth more beautiful for His children. Therefore, she knew that she would recognize love even though there was never a word spoken.

"Strolling through the forest one day she chanced to meet Car-nou, a member of the E-wipe tribe and, being a true woman, she knew that she loved him; and she could tell by the expression in his eye, the gentle hand clasp and the light kiss upon her lips,

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that they would love each other to the end. After their first meeting they were wont to meet every day, and he taught her the dialect of his tribe so that he could tell her about his tribe and people.

"As she listened to Car-nou he told her of a lake far back in the mountain that is never visited by any Indian for the reason that Indians who have gone to that lake to fish have never returned. She wanted to know why they never returned. He told her that the bottom of the lake was inhabited by a race of people who had always lived there and could not live on land. These people were very small, being only a few inches high. They were always trying to get men or women who came to the lake to come to the bottom. They did not know that others could not live there, and that if they were pulled down by the little men they would surely die. Now, Starry Eyes was a pretty wise young woman. She told Car-nou that this sounded like some of the stories the old women of her tribe were in the habit of telling. In fact she thought it was a fairy tale and that there were no fairies; that she could go to the lake and bathe, thus proving that the idea of little people living on the bottom of the lake was indeed a fairy story.

"I wish I could tell you that she did go to the lake and bathed in its waters and returned to tell her lover how foolish he was to listen to the old women of his tribe tell fairy stories. But that would not be true. She did go to the lake and, walking out on the end of a log, dived down to the bottom where the little

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people swarmed all over her. Some crawled onto her back so that she could not go up to the surface to breathe, while others dragged her down to the bottom. She thought her time to die had surely come, when she felt herself being carried swiftly along the bottom and then up to a dry place which proved to be a large cave, far enough above water that the little people could not reach her. You may wonder who carried the woman away from the little people and what was his reason for so doing. It was an Indian devil, and he never has a reason for doing anything.

"An Indian devil is not altogether bad. He has been known to help people if he could profit by it. This Indian devil knew that when he carried her into the cave she would be safe there, that she could not follow him out because he could go straight through the mountain, float through air, or live on the bottom of a lake. He told her that he was going to leave her, but that he would like to know why she risked her life by diving into the lake. He thought it strange that no one had told her of the little people. She told the Indian devil that she had a lover, a member of another tribe, who told her the story of the little people and told her that she must not go near the lake, but that she, being a woman, did not want anyone to tell her that she must not do certain things. Therefore, she followed the impulse to do what she thought was a woman's right, and took a chance.

The Indian devil said: 'With that explanation I bid you good bye, I will return after many days.'

"Before leaving the cave the Indian devil brought some skins and advised Starry Eyes to get some sleep, telling her that upon his return he would make a proposal which, if accepted by her, would make him a very happy devil. She told him that she would not be advised by him, but would try to sleep without advice from anyone.

"She had been sleeping for what seemed to her only a few minutes when she was awakened by a strange noise and, as she listened, she heard a sound a long way off, like someone pounding on the side of the cave; but as the sound grew closer she recognized her old friend the Poof-Poof. Now, the Poof-Poof is a very large water dog and can live on land as well as under water. He is regarded by the Indians as being honest and has never been known to trick anyone. His promise once given, has never been broken. Poof-Poof asked Starry Eyes how she happened to be in his cave. You see, he called it his cave because he stored his acorns there. She told him about diving to the bottom of the lake, and how the little people had held her down, and of the devil carrying her to the cave and then going away.

"The Poof-Poof is one who never talks much for the reason that what he says is true. In that respect he is different from the Coyote who is always talking to try to make everyone believe what he knows is untrue. The Poof-Poof asked her if she had made any

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promises to the Indian devil before he left, because if she had he would not do anything to cause her to break her promise, even though it was made to the Indian devil.

"Now, when Car-nou came to the place where he and Starry Eyes were wont to meet and found no Starry Eyes there, he was very much concerned as to what had happened to her, and while trying to figure what to do to find her he was approached by the Coyote who asked him why he was so down-hearted. The Coyote offered to help him, telling him that he was always willing to help those who were in trouble, that he could speak all of the Indian dialects and had some influence with the Indian devil, that in fact, he and the devil worked together, and, if anyone could help, he surely could. Car-nou thanked him for his offer of help but said that he could not accept help from anyone, that an Indian always protects his woman, and if Starry Eyes was in danger that he, and he alone, would rescue her and return with her to her tribe and people.

The Coyote told Car-nou that he would start out and locate Starry Eyes and return and tell him where to find her. So, going to the place where she dived into the lake, he worked back to where there was a small opening in the ground and disappeared in the opening and was soon in the cave, where he saw Starry Eyes and the Poof-Poof talking. Walking up to them he told Starry Eyes to follow him and he would soon deliver her to her

lover. Now, the Coyote knew that Starry Eyes and the Poof-Poof were planning to get out of the cave, and he was going to help the Indian devil to hold her there. He knew that the opening to the cave by which he had entered was not large enough for Starry Eyes to go through and that she would have to go back to the cave after he had made a pretense of helping her.

"The Poof-Poof whispered to Starry Eyes to tell the Coyote to go back and tell Car-nou to come quickly and carry her out of the cave. As soon as the Coyote was gone the Poof-Poof told Starry Eyes to follow him and he would take her through an opening that the Coyote had never discovered. He led her down close to the water of the lake where she could see the little people beckoning to her to come back to them, and then they began to ascend through a very narrow cleft in the lime rock and came out close to the place where she had dived into the lake. There she soon dressed and was ready to return to her people.

"In the meantime the Coyote had hurried back and told Car-nou that he had discovered where Starry Eyes was being held in a cave, to follow him and they would soon have her out. While he was talking he was so busy trying to make Car-nou believe him that he never looked behind, and nearly jumped out of his hide when he heard a loud "poof-poof;" and the next instant Starry Eyes was in the arms of her lover.

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"From that time on there has never been an Indian who had any desire to visit the lake, and for all anyone knows the 'little people' are still there."

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